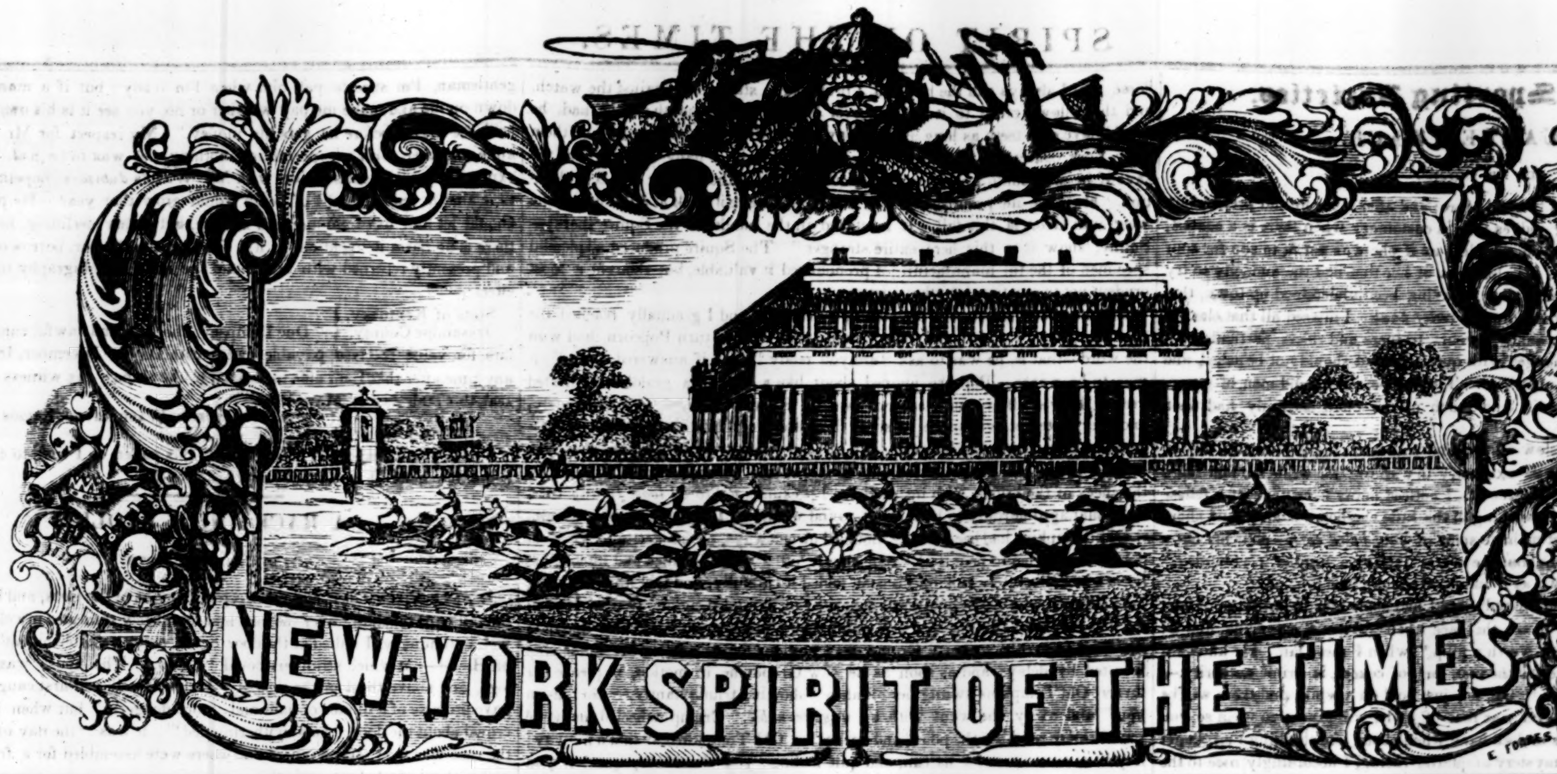

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

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FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT

LONDON, May 21, 1836.

The post will be too late for the packet from Liverpool to-morrow, so I send this by an early coach—as a parcel. If I calculate rightly, it will arrive just in time to be jerked into the letter bag of the *North America*.

The news of the week, as usual, is that sad affair between Lord Melbourne and the beautiful Mrs. Norton. The lady is grand daughter of *the* Sheridan and daughter of Tom,—the wittiest son of a witty father. Her mother was Caroline, eldest daughter of Sir James Campbell. Her sister is Lady Graham, wife of Sir James Graham, the turn coat politician: he commenced as Radical—veered round to Whig—and is now a very violent Tory. Mrs. Norton's husband is police magistrate of Worship street office, and next brother to Fletcher, Lord Grantley, who married a daughter of Sir William Beechy, the artist. They (that is the *faux pas* lady and her husband) have three sons, all born since 1829.

It seems that *mi-ladi* has had a variety of *beaux*. Prince Leopold, Lord Mulgrave, and others are named. The crim. con. trial *certainly* goes on. Lord Melbourne has been served with a writ of action—damages are laid at £30,000—defendant pleads the general issue—and the cause will be tried at the sittings after this term before Lord Chief Justice Tindal, in the Court of Common Pleas, at Westminster Hall. The sittings after this term commence on Tuesday, June 14—so the trial may be on in a fortnight. Norton has engaged as counsel, Mr. Sergeant Wilde, Sir W. Follet, and Mr. Bayley, and Sir John Campbell, Mr. Wyghtman, and Mr. Richards for Lord Melbourne. His Lordship keeps very much at home. The King, it is said, intends keeping him in office until the result of the trial be known. Of course, the cue of the defence will be to insist that, like Queen Caroline of virtuous memory, Lord Melbourne is "pure as unsunned snow," and that this is a *political* conspiracy against his *private* character. We shall see.

The old Duke of Gordon, head of the Scotch Orangemen has departed—the way of all flesh. The title (the ducal) is extinct, but the Earl of Aboyne, his nearest relative, becomes Marquis of Huntley. The Duke of Richmond gets Gordon Castle and 30,000*l.* a year. The Marchioness of Cornwallis, Duchess of Bedford, Dowager Duchess of Richmond were the Duke of Gordon's sisters. He was a decent old man, and it is *not* true that N. P. Willis' notice of him in the Pencillings killed the old boy!

King Otho of Greece is on his travels: he arrived at Ancona, on May 19, and was expected at Munich on Sunday. He travels as Count Missolonghi. His purpose, it is said, is to get a wife—and he means to choose for himself. Sensible young man! Royal tours seem all the fashion. The King of Naples has arrived at Rome, on May 8. He, also, being a recent widower, wants to get a new spouse. The *third* travelling party is that of the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours, at Berlin—and the fourth, is the Queen of Holland, who is also there. Pretty pleasant it must be for her Majesty to meet the brothers-in-law of the King of Belgium. Yet, at the theatres and all public places of amusement, the French princes pay most attention to the Dutch Queen and her daughter, who is married to Prince Albert, the youngest son of the King of Prussia.

It is by the special desire of the King of Prussia, the *extreme* of attention is paid to the French Princes. When the Duke of Orleans handed the King a letter from Louis Philip, the courtly reply was "this is the most agreeable present I ever received from Paris." To the Duke of Elchingen (son of Marshal Ney, and in the princes' suite) he handsomely said "and you, Sir, are the son of the first soldier in France: the bravest of the brave." General Colbert (who so narrowly escaped being *done* for by the Fieschi affair) was also distinguished by the notice of his Majesty of Prussia: "You had a narrow escape, Sir; but we must thank Providence, that the King of the French was miraculously preserved."

The reception of the French princes is at once politic and polite. *They* conduct themselves well—nay, liberally. They have ordered marble statues to a large extent, from the famous sculptor Rauch. They were to be *feted* at the Potsdam Palace, by the King, ere they left Berlin for Vienna, where their reception will be equally favorable. Yet, with all this, the Arch Duchess Theresa, the wealthiest and handsomest woman in Germany,—certainly the richest heiress,—is *not* intended for the Duke of Orleans.

You may hear a great deal about the change in the Spanish Ministry. The Queen Regent has turned off Mendizabal, and given Signor Isturitz the charge of making a new Cabinet. He *has* made one—*such* a one! The Cortez have voted, by a majority of 84, that they will not and cannot place any confidence in him. He has returned the compliment, by dissolving the two Chambers of Legislature.

Such an affair as the Queen's drawing room, on Saturday, in celebration of the King's birth day. It was more brilliant than any for years past, and this because the town is full of beauty and fashion—that is of fashionable beauty. First of all came the Archibishops and Bishops with their congratulations—all the Knights of the Order of the Garter, the Thistle, St. Patrick, the Bath, and the Guelphic, wore their respective collars. Then followed all the Royal Family (except the Princesses Augusta and Sophia,) together with the Prince of Orange and his two sons, the Duke of Brunswick, the Duke of Saxe Cobourg and his sons, arrived early at the Palace. The Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria came in great state down St. James' street, and were received by the Foot Gaurds on duty with military honors; the Duke of Saxe Cobourg and his sons came with their Royal Highnesses.

The Court Gazette informs the wondering world that the dresses worn by the Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria were composed entirely of articles of the manufacture of the United Kingdom. The fact is they wore Irish poplins, the *bouquet* pattern—that is, bouquets of flowers upon light or dark grounds. The Duchess wore a dress of brilliant rose color for the ground, with bouquets of barley ears tastefully brocaded in silver. The drawing room commenced at 2, and lasted for three mortal hours—during which the poor King and Queen had to stand up and receive the obeisance of some three thousand people. The Corps Diplomatique cut a dash—the Ambassador of the King of Oude appeared in a sumptuous oriental costume. Lord Melbourne was *not* at Court. Nearly all the nobility in town were: the Duke of Wellington, Earl Grey, Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, Lord Stanley, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Lansdowne, and the Duke of Newcastle, were among the visiters: the Duke of Wellington wore his uniform as Constable of the Tower.

The ornaments of the ladies were, in many instances, most splendid. Amongst them her Majesty's dress was distinguished for its elegance and costliness. The stomacher and head dress of the Duchess of St. Albans and of the Marchioness of Londonderry, were remarkable for the size and number of ornaments. The Duke of St. Albans was sufficiently recovered to accompany the Duchess, and appeared in the uniform of hereditary Grand Falconer of England. His Majesty appeared in excellent health, and wore a splendid naval uniform. During the time that the rooms were crowded, a foreign lady of distinction met with an accident; a gentleman tripped near the fire-place, and falling against her she was thrown down and injured her arm.

In the evening the King gave a great dinner party, followed by a concert. The *Court Circular* says:—

The Concert given on Friday consisted principally of a selection from the works of the composers of the modern Italian school. The singers were, Madame Malibran, Mademoiselle Grisi, Signors Lablache, Tamburni, Rubini, and Ivanhoff; Signor Costa presiding at the piano forte. The Concert was composed, with two or three exceptions, of English music, and was sung by native singers. The concert commenced with "God save the King," and concluded with "Rule Brittania." Sir George Smart was the director. The singers were Mrs. H. R. Bishop, Mrs. A. Shaw, Miss C. Novello, Miss F. Woodham, Messrs. Phillips, Balfe, Bennett, Horncastle, Briggs, and E. Seguin.

Sergeant Talfourd's tragic drama *Ion*, was produced for Macready's benefit on Thursday. He has cut it much down, and but for him it would have failed. 'Tis an antique play, in the old Grecian style—classical, but *not* adapted for English taste. Ellen Tree, with her fine Greek outline of face, was an excellent *Clemanthe*. This play will be a favorite while Macready acts in it. One beautiful passage is this sweet scene between *Ion* and *Clemanthe*, in which she chides him for risking his life amongst the citizens during the terrible visitation of the pestilence:—

> *Ion.* How fares my pensive sister?
> *Clemanthe.* How should I fare but ill when the pale hand
> Draws the black foldings of the eternal curtain
> Closer and closer round us—Phocion absent—
> And thou, forsaking all within thy home,
> Wilt risk thy life with strangers, in whose aid
> Even thou canst do but little?
> *Ion.* It is little:
> But in these sharp extremities of fortune,
> The blessings which the rich and poor can scatter
> Have their own season. 'Tis a little thing
> To give a cup of water; yet it's a draught
> Of cool refreshment, drain'd by fever'd lips,
> May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
> More exquisite that when nectarean juice
> Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.
> It is a little thing to speak a phrase
> Of common comfort, which by daily use
> Has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear
> Of him who thought to die unmourn'd 'twill fall
> Like choicest music; fill the glazing eye
> With gentle tears; relax the knotted hand
> To know the bonds of fellowship again;
> And shed on the departing soul a sense
> More precious than the benison of friends
> About the honor'd deathbed of the rich,
> To him who else were lonely, that another
> Of the great family is near and feels.
> *Clemanthe.* O thou canst never bear these mournful offices!
> So blithe, so merry once! Will not the sight
> Of frenzied agonies unfix thy reason,
> Or the dumb woes congeal thee?
> *Ion.* No Clemanthe;
> They are the patient sorrows that touch nearest!
> If thou hadst seen the warrior when he writhed
> In the last grapple of his sinewy frame
> With conquering anguish, strive to cast a smile
> (And not in vain) upon his fragile wife,
> Waning beside him,—and, his limbs composed,
> The widow of the moment fix her gaze
> Of longing. speechless love, upon the babe,
> The only living thing which yet was hers,
> Spreading its arms for its own resting-place,
> Yet with attenuated hand wave off
> The unstricken child, and so embraceless die,
> Stifling the mighty hunger of the heart;
> Thou couldst endure the sight of selfish grief
> In sullenness or frenzy;—but to-day
> Another lot falls on me.

Malibran has made another hit. Balfe's new opera, the *Maid of Artois* was produced on Friday night. The critic of the *Spectator* says:—

"It stands between those we have mentioned—immeasurably inferior to *Fidelio*, and superior to *La Sonnambula*.

The story of the opera is meagre, and the language despicable: it smacks strongly of the Surrey or "the Wells," and, probably, proceeds from the poet in the employ of those theatres. Jules de Montagnon and Isoline are mutually enamoured: the former is kidnapped into the French army: he deserts—is captured, and sent to Guiana; whither, in the guise of a sailor, Isoline follows him: again he deserts, and escapes with Isoline to "the deserts of Guinea:" here they are nigh to perish, when a regiment commanded by the Marquis de Chateau-vieux (the former rival of Jules de Montagnon) passes near the prostrate and perishing lovers—they are relieved, pardoned, and rendered happy.

The music is neither better nor worse than we expected from Mr. BALFE. It is worthy of the author of the *Siege of Rochelle*, and is only superior to that opera as far as MALIBRAN makes it so. It has a strange medley of style—a little English, more Italian (modern Italian), most French. It has one pleasing song, one that will bear transplanting; and as this will be often heard, its popularity is certain: but except this, the opera has no attractive vocal features. The value of an opera, now-a-days, consists in its adaptability for quadrilles; and this BALFE seems to have studied diligently and successfully. We shall not hear any of the *Maid of Artois* in the concert Room, (except PHILLIPS song), but WEIPPERT will soon treat us with a set of the 'Artois Quadrilles.'"

The last act is nearly all recitative—heavy but for MALIBRAN. I append the cast:—

The Marquis de Chateau Vieux, Mr. H. Phillips; Jules de Montagnon, Mr. Templeton; Sans Regret, Mr. Giubelei; Synnelet, Mr. Seguin; Martin, Mr. Bedford; Isoline, Madame Malibran; Coralie, Miss F. Healy; Ninka, Miss Poole; Myra, Madame Proche Giubelei.

On Monday night *Julius Cæsar* was brought out for OSBALDESTON's benefit, with MACREADY as *Cassius*, KEMBLE, as *Marc Antony*, and KNOWLES as *Brutus*—a strong cast.

"This boy will be the death of me!" Prince Charles Ferdinand de Capua was married, for the *fourth* time (!?) to Miss Penelope Smyth, at St. George's Church, on Monday. The Dean of Carlisle spliced them. They were married by banns, and, on Monday, when, for the third time, the clergyman asked if any one could say any just cause or impediment against the union, the Neapolitan Ambassador, Count Ludolf, forbid the bans. The Dean, on inquiry, decided that the King of Naples's objections were untenable in London. The Prince's valet, who had the ring, was shut out by accident, and a ring was borrowed from a looker-on.

If the Princess could but have four *honeymoons*, as she has had four *marriages*, she would be the envy of her sex!

Mrs. Nesbitt's sister, Jane Mordaunt, has been manageress of a theatre at Woolwich. Mr. Faucit Saville is the proprietor.

Madame Vestris and Charles Matthews, (who are *not* to be married), are at Dublin Theatre. Vestris will star for a fortnight on her return to London, at the Surrey Theatre. Charles Matthews goes on a provincial tour with Meadows.

Liston having saved £60,000, is about quiting the stage. Farren will succeed him at the Olympic, and Harley has taken three years' engagement at Braham's Theatre. Strickland remains at the Haymarket, but has a chance of a Drury Lane engagement. He acts like Farren.

At the Strand Theatre, on Monday evening, after a new and successful mythological burletta, called *The Seasons*, (in which Mrs. Nisbett, Miss Daley, and Miss Ferguson had the chief parts), a new burletta, called *Venus in Arms*, was brought out. In this Mrs. Nisbett mounts the pantaloons. She appears as *Arabella Beaumont* travelling with her cousin, *Lady Melville*, in search of *Sir James Melville*: Mr. Roberts appears as the Knight, and Mrs. W. Hammond, (the ugliest woman on the stage, and sister to Douglas Jerrold), as the lady. Mrs. Nisbett is dressed in male attire—in fact, as an officer, and as such, is mistaken for the Colonel of the 7th Hussars—holds a levee at which the officers of that corps attend—gets so tipsey as to pick a quarrel with *Sir James Melville*, goes out to fight, and swoons at the smell of gunpowder. The piece is full of comic situations, and was very successful.

A new piece was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre, on Monday evening. It is of the *non-descript genus!*—sort of compromise between melo-drama, spectacle, and bastard-opera. It is called *The Steel Pavilion, or the Charcoal Burner of the Harz Mountains*. It is founded on one of the legends of the *Harz*. The music is by Rodwell (very good but not very new)—the scenes by Marshall,—the machinery, which was well worked, by somebody else,—the singing by Miss Turpin—the melo-drama by H. Wallack—the tragedy by Pritchard—the monitones by G. Bennett,—and the broad jokes by Vale. There were grinning demons—handsome angels—funny imps—nice dancers—blue flame—Greek fire—good scenery—lots of love—and abundance of *double entendre*. The piece was successful.

The New Exhibition of Pictures, at the British Royal Institution, Pall Mall, is the most valuable which, for many years, has come before the public. It is made up in a manner to which the attention of the American public might advantageously be attracted:—the nobility and gentry voluntarily and liberally contribute the finest pictures from their private collections, to be exhibited for the gratification of the British public. The Duke of Sutherland, the Earl of Egremont, Sir R. Peel, Lord F. Egerton, and others of equal station, are foremost in affording this treat to the public. In America there are very many gems of art, from the pencils of the old masters. Could not the loan of some of them be procured so as to make an exhibition in the foremost city in the Empire-State? To return, however, to the exhibition at the British Exhibition. It contains the two famous pictures, by Murillo, which the Duke of Sutherland lately purchased from Marshel Soult's collection. The first is *The Angel coming to Abraham*, and has a beautiful bit of landscape in the back ground, which makes one regret that Murillo did not oftener attempt something in the same style:—the second is the *Return of the Prodigal Son*, which is not only finely coloured but inimitable for expression and design. There are many other Murillos here: one belonging to Lord Ashburton, and another of the same subject (*the Virgin of the Assumption*) from M. Brackenbury's collection. Lord Francis Egerton has sent some pictures by N. Pouissin: Among these are his celebrated paintings, *Moses striking the Rock and the Seven Sacrifices*. A fine portrait, by Vandyke, of himself, adds much to the attraction of this exhibition. Lord F. Egerton also has lent (from the Stafford Gallery,) two admirable Totrans. One is *The Four Ages*—an emblematic picture, with figures, and a beautiful bit of landscape at the back: the other is *Venus rising from the Sea*, and it is difficult to say which is the better, the colouring or the expression. Totran's Goddesses look (as they ought) like flesh and blood, and a nameless voluptuousness pervades his fair ideal of womanly beauty.

A WONDER-WORKING BANK NOTE.—We have the authority of a highly respectable gentleman, recently from the Lima Land Office, for saying that it was currently reported and believed there that, on a certain day, a certain *one hundred dollar* bill was received *five different times* in the Land Office! It had been *particularly marked*, and was well known.

The lamp of Aladdin was no touch to this bill! Nor could the head of Medusa perform any such wonders. Turning lead into gold was a pretty smart trick, undoubtedly. But turning one *one hundred dollars* bill into *four hundred* acres of land, at a dollar and a quarter per acre, beats old Medusa and Nick Biddle to boot, *all hollow!*—*People's Press*

Original Sporting Varieties.

A QUARTER RACE.

BY MR. SNOOKS.

NOTHING would start against the Old Mare; and after more formal preparation in making weight and posting judges than is customary when there is a contest, "*the satefull old britter*" went off crippling as if she was not fit to run for sour cider, and anything could take the shine out of her that had the audacity to try it. The muster at the stand was slim, it having been understood up-town, that as to sport to-day the races would prove a *nater haul*. I missed all that class of old and young gentlemen who annoy owners, trainers and riders, particularly if they observe they are much engaged with questions that should not be asked, and either can't or should not be answered. The business folks and men of gumption were generally on the *grit*, and much of the chaff certainly had been blown off.

A walk or gallop over is a slow affair; and without being able in any way to account for it, it seemed to be an extremely dry affair; for while the four miles was *being* done, (*as the priggs have it*), I noticed many a centaur of a fellow force his skearey nag up to the opening in the little clapboard shanty, and shout out impatiently—"Colonel, let us have some of your *byled corn*—pour me out a buck load—there—never mind about the water, I drank a heap of it yesterday," and then wheel off to the crowd as if intent on something.

The race, like all things, had an end; and I had some idea in imitation of Sardanapalus, "all in one day to see the race, then go home, eat, drink, and be merry, for all the rest was not worth a fillip," when I met Dan. He knows a little, finds out a little, and guesses the rest, and, of course, is prime authority.—I inquired if the hunt was up. "Oh, no, just hold on a while, and there will be as bursting a quarter-race as ever was read of, and I will give you it'em so you can make expenses." I always make a hand when about, and thinking I might get a wrinkle by prying into the mystery of quarter-racing, I accordingly rode to the thickest of the crowd. A rough hewn fellow, who either was, or pretended to be, drunk, was bantering to run his mare against any horse that had ploughed as much that season, his mare having, as he assured us, tended twenty-five acres in corn. Another chap sidled up to him, and offered to plough against him for as much liquor as the company could drink, or for who should have both nags—his horse had never run as he did not follow it. Sorrel got mad, and offered to beat him in the cart, wagon, or plough, or he could beat him running one hundred miles his weight on each, for $500. Bay still disclaimed racing, but would run the quarter stretch for $100 to amuse the company. Sorrel took him up, provided bay carried his present rider and he would get somebody: Bay agreed, provided he could not get a lighter rider. It was closed at that, and two of Senator Benton's abominations, $100 U. States Bills were planked up. Bay inquired if they could stand another $50;—agreed by Sorrel, who observing Bay shell out a $100 note, said there was no use of making change, as his note was the same amount they might as well go the $100. Promptly agreed to, and another $100 offered and immediately covered, there now being $300 aside. Now came a proposal to increase it $300 more; Bay said—"You oversize my pile, but if I can borrow the money I'll accommodate you," and immediately slipped off to consult his backer: Dan now whispered, "*spread yourself on the Bay.*" Thinking I should run in while I was hot, I observed aloud—I should admire to bet some gentleman $10 on the Bay. A Mr. Wash, or as he was familiarly called, Big Wash, snapped me up like a duck does a June bug, by taking the bill out of my hand, and observing, that either of us could hold the stakes, put it in his pocket. Finding this so easily done, I pushed off to consult my friend Crump, the most knowing man about Short Races I ever knew, and one who can see as far into a millstone as the man that pecks it. I met him with the man that made the race on Bay coming to get a peep at Sorrel. As soon as he laid eyes on her, he exclaimed—"Why, Dave, you made a pretty pick up of it; I'm afraid our *cake is all dough*—that's old Grapevine, and I told you point blank to walk round her, but you're like a member of the Kentucky Legislature, who admitted, if he had a failing, it was being a *leetle* too brave. Dave replied doggedly, "How could I know Grapevine, and you told me you could beat her any how;" "Yes," says Crump, "I think I can; but I did'nt come 150 miles to run them kind of races—Old Tompkins has brought her here, and I like him for a *sucker.*" "Well," says Dave, "I may be can get off with the race if you think you'll be licked:" "No," said Crump, "when I go a catting, I go a catting; its mightily mixed up, and there is no telling who's constable until the election is over: it will be like the old bitch and the rabbit, nip and tack every jump, and sometimes the bitch a *leetle* ahead."

Old Tompkins, who had not appeared during the making of the race, now came round, and seeing the Bay, said—"Popcorn, by G—d." He now came forward and addressed the other party: "Boys, it's no use to run the thing into the ground. If a man goes in for betting, I say let him go his load, but we have no ambition against you, so draw the bet to $100, that is enough for a little tacky race like this, just made for amusement."—Carried by acclamation.

Now the Judges were selected; a *good* judge does not mean exactly the same thing here as on the bench, though some of the same kind may be found there—it means one who is obstinate in going for his own friends. It did not seem to be considered courteous to object to the selections on either side, perhaps from a mutual consciousness of invulnerability. But one of the nominees for the ermine was a hickory over anybody's percimmon in the way of ugliness. He was said to be the undisputed possessor of the celebrated Jack Knife; his likeness had been moulded on dog-irons to frighten the children from going too near the fire, and his face ached perpetually, but his eyes! his eyes!! He was said to have caught a turkey buzzard by the neck, the bird being deceived and thinking he was looking another way, and several of the crowd said he was so cross-eyed he could *look his own head*. It was objected to him that he could not keep his eye, on the score, as he did not see *straight*, and it was leaving the race to the accident of which of his optics obtained the true bearing when the horses were coming out. The objections were finally overruled, the crooked party contending nature designed him for a quarter judge, as he could station one eye to watch when the foremost horse's toe struck the score, and could note the track of the horse that followed at the same moment with his other eye.

The riders now attracted my attention. It is customary, I believe, to call such "a feather," but they seemed to me about the size of a big Christmas turkey gobbler, without feathers; and I was highly delighted with the precocity of the youths—they could swear with as much energy as men of six foot, and they used fourth-proof oaths with a volubility that would bother a congressional reporter.

There now arose a dispute, as to whether they should run to or from the stand, it being a part of the mile track, and there being some supposed advantage to one of the horses, or the other, according as this might be arranged. It was determined by a toss-up at last, to run to the stand. After another toss for choice of tracks, and another for the word, the horses walked off towards the head of the stretch. Now it was "hurra my Popcorn—I believe in you—come it strong—lumber—go it with a looseness—root little pig or die." And, "Oh! my Grapevine, tear the hind sites off him, you'll lay him cold at a waggontire—roll your bones—go it you cripples, &c., &c., &c.

Beginning to doubt, from all I heard, whether my friend Dave had been regularly appointed almanac-maker for this year, I hedged a $5, and staked it with a young man that was next me, riding a remarkable wall-eyed horse, and sometime after staked another $5 with a person I had noticed assisting about the bar, and would be able to recognize again. I now flattered myself on my situation—I had all the pleasurable excitement of wagering, and nothing at risque.

Each side of the track was lined with eager faces, necks elongated, and chins projected, a posture very conducive to health in a bilious climate, as it facilitates the operation of emetics. I was deafened with loud cries of "clear the track"—"stand back"—"get off the fence"—"the riders are mounted"—"they are comming"—"now they are off!" but still they came not. Without intending it, I found myself, and indeed most of the crowd, moving up towards the start, and after every failure or false alarm I would move a few yards. I overheard a fellow telling with great glee—"Well, I guess I warmed the wax in the ears of that fellow with the narrow brimmed white hat; he had an elegant watch that he offered to bet against a good riding horse. You know my seventeen year old horse, that I always call the bay colt, I proposed to stake him against the watch, and the fellow agreed to it without ever looking in his mouth; if he had, he would have seen teeth as long as tenpenny nails. It is easy fooling any of them New-York collectors—they ain't 'cute: the watch is a bang-up lever, and he says if he was GOING TO TRAVEL he would not be without it for any consideration. He made me promise if I won it to let him have it back at $100 in case he went into Georgia this fall. It is staked in the hands of the Squire there;—Squire, show it to this here entire stranger." The Squire produced a splendid specimen of the tin manufacture; I pronounced it valuable, but thought it most prudent not to mention for what purpose.

Alarms that the horses were coming continued, and I gradually reached the starting place; I then found that Crump, who was to turn Popcorn, had won the word—that is, he was to ask "are you ready?" and if answered "yes!" it was to be a race. Popcorn jumped about like a pea on a griddle and fretted greatly, he was all over in a lather of sweat. He was managed very judiciously, and every attempt was made to sooth him and keep him cool, though he evidently was somewhat exhausted. All this time Grapevine was led about as cool as a cucumber, an awkward looking *striker* of old Thompson's holding her by the cheek of the bridle, with instructions, I presume, *not to let loose in any case*, as he managed adroitly to be turning round whenever Popcorn put the question.

Old Tompkins had been sitting, doubled up sideways, on his sleepy-looking old horse—it now being near dark—rode slowly off a short distance and hitched his horse: he deliberately took off his coat, folded it carefully, and laid it on a stump; his neckcloth was with equal care deposited on it, and then his weather-beaten-hat; he stroked down the few remaining hairs on his caput, and came and took the mare from his striker. Crump was anxious for a start as his horse was worsted by delay; and as soon as he saw Grapevine in motion, to please her turner, Old Tompkins swung her off ahead, shouting triumphantly, "Go! d—n you," and away she went with an *ungovernable*. Crump wheeled his horse round before reaching the poles, and opened on Old Tompkins—"that's no way; if you mean to run, let us run, and quit fooling; you should say yes! if you mean it to be a race, and then I would have turned loose, had my nag been tail forward: it was no use for me to let go as it would have been no race any how until you give the word.

Old Tompkins looked as if the boat had left him, or like the fellow that was fighting, and discovered he had been biting his own thumb. He paused a moment, and without trying to raise a squabble, (an unusual thing), he broke down the track to his mare, slacked her girths, and led her back, soothing and trying to quiet her. She was somewhat blown by the run, as the little imp on her was not strong enough to take her up soon. They were now so good and so good, and he proposed they should lead up and take a fair start. "Oh!" said Crump, "I thought that would bring you to your milk, so lead up." By this time you could see a horse twenty yards off, but you could not be positive as to his color. It was proposed to call in candles. The horses were led up and got off the first trial. "Ready?" "Yes!" and a fairer start was never made. Away they went in a hurry

"Glimmering through the gloom."

All hands made for the winning post. Here I heard—"mare's race"—"no, she crossed over the horse's path"—"the boy with the shirt rode foul"—"the horse was ahead when he passed me." After much squabbling, it was admitted by both parties, that the nag that came out on the left-hand side of the track was ahead; but they were about equally divided as to whether the horse or the mare came through on the left hand side. The Judges of the start agreed to give it in as even. When they came down, it appeared that one of the outcome judges got angry and had gone home an hour ago. My friend that looked so many ways for Sunday, after a very ominous silence and waiting until frequently appealed to, gave the race to the horse by ten inches. This brought a yell from the crowd, winners and losers, that beat any thing yet: a dozen of men were produced ready to swear that gimblet-eye was 100 yards off drinking a stiff cocktail at the booth, and that he was at the far side of it when the horses came out, and consequently must have judged the result through two pine planks inch thick; others swore he did not know when the race was run, and was not at the post for five minutes after. Babel was a quiet retired place compared with the little assemblage at this time: some bets were given up, occasional symptoms of fight appeared, a general examination was going on to be assured the knife was in the pocket; those hard to open were opened and slipped up the sleeve; the crowd clustered together like a bee swarm. This continued until about 9 o'clock, when Crump finding he could not get the stakes, compromised the matter, and announced that by agreement it was a drawn race. It was received with a yell louder if possible than any former one; every one seemed glad of it, and there was a unanimous adjournment at the bar. Though tired and weary, I confess I for no earthly reason I can give, but the force of example, was inclined to join them, when I was accosted by the person with whom I had bet and staked in the hands of the young man riding the wall-eyed horse: "well," said he, "shell out my $5 that I put up with that friend of yours, as I cant find him." I protested that I did not know the young man at all, and stated that he had my stake also. He replied that I need not try to feed him on *saft corn* that way, and called on several persons to prove that I selected the stakeholder and we were seen together, and we must be acquainted as we were both *furreigners* from the cut of our coats. He began to talk hostile, and was, as they brag in the timber districts, 20 foot in the clear without limb, knot, windshake or woodpecker hole. To appease him, I agreed, if the stakeholder could not be found, to be responsible for his stake: he very industriously made proclamation for the young man with the wall-eyed horse, and being informed that he had *done gone* three hours ago, he claimed of me, and I had to shell out.

Feeling somewhat worsted by this transaction, I concluded I would look up my other bets. Mr. Wash I did not see, and concluded he had retired; I found the stakeholder that assisted about the bar, and claimed my $5 on the draw race: to my surprise I learned he had given up the stakes. Having been previously irritated, I made some severe remarks, to all of which he replied in perfect good temper, and assured me he was the most punctilious person in the world about such matters, and that it was his invariable rule never to give up stakes except by the direction of some of the judges, and called up proof of his having declined delivering the stake until he and the claimant went to old screw-eye; and he decided I had lost. This seemed to put the matter out of dispute so far as he was concerned, but thinking I would make an appeal to my opponent, I inquired if he knew him. He satisfied me, by assuring me he did not *know him from a side of sole leather*.

I left the Course, and on returning next morning, I looked out for Mr. Wash; I discovered him drinking and offering large bets: he saw me plainly, but affected a perfect forgetfulness, and did not recognise me. After waiting some time, and finding he would not address me, I approached him, and requested an opportunity of speaking to him apart. Mr. Wash instantly accompanied me, and began telling me he had got in a scrape, and had never in his life been in such a fix.—Perceiving what he was at, I concluded to take the whip-hand of him, and observed—"Mr. Wash, if you design to intimate by your preliminary remarks that you cannot return to me my own money, staked in your hands, I must say I consider such conduct extremely ungentlemanly." Upon this he whipped out a spring-back dirk knife, nine inches in the blade, and whetted to cut a hair, and stepped off, picked up a piece of cedar and commenced whittling. "Now, stranger," says he, "I would not advise any man to try to run over me, for I ask no man any odds further than civility; I consider myself as honest a man as any in Harris County, Kentucky; but I'll tell you, stranger, exactly how it happened: you see, when you offered to bet on the sorrel, I was out of soap, but it was too good a chance to let slip, as I was dead sure Popcorn would win, and if he had won, you know, of course, it made no difference to you whether I had a stake or not. Well, it was none of my business to hunt you up, so I went to town last night to the confectionary," (a whiskey shop in a log pen 14 foot square), "and I thought I'd make a rise on chuck-a-luck, but you *prehaps* never saw such a run of luck; everywhere I touched was *piezen*, so I came out of the *leetle end* of the horn; but I'll tell you what, I'm a man that always stands up to my fodder, rack or no rack, so as you don't want the money: I'll negotiate just to suit you exactly; I'll give you my *dubisary:* I don't know whether I can pay it this year unless the *crap* of hemp turns out well; but if I can't this year, I will next year probably, and I'll tell you exactly my principle:—if a man waits with me like a gentleman, I'm sure to pay him when I'm ready; but if a man tries to bear down on me and make me pay whether or no, you see it is his own look out, and he'll see sights before he gets his money." My respect for Mr. Wash's dirk-knife, together with my perceiving nothing else was to be had, induced me to express my entire satisfaction with Mr. Wash's *dubisary*, hopeing at the same time that at least *enough* of hemp would grow that year. He proposed that I should let him have $5 more for a stake, but on my declining, he said—"well, there is no harm in mentioning it." He went to the bar, borrowed pen and ink, and presently returned with a splendid specimen of colligraphy to the following effect:—

State of Kentucky, }
Jessamine County. } Due Dempsey, the just and lawful sum of Ten Dollars, for value received, payable on the 25th Day of December, 1836 or 1837, or any time after that I am able to discharge the same. As witness my hand and seal, this 30th day of May, 1836.

GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIGGS. { SEAL }

I wish you would try Wall-street with this paper, as I wish to cash it; but I'll run a mile before I wait for a quarter-race again.

A RACE AND A FROLIC!

BY JEREMIAH SMITH.

It was a drizzley day, and the weeping boughs of the trees, and bending tops of the tall cane that hung over the road had completely saturated my clothing. Cold, wet, and hungry, I halted at the door of the only "establishment" in the village of H——— at which strangers could "tie up." The house was built of hewn logs, and above the door the sign of "Union Hotel" had first caught my eye and gave promise of a dinner of ham and "corn dodgers;" but when I surveyed the crowd about the door "hope withering fled!" It was "the day of the race" but the race was over, and winners and losers were assembled for a frolic. A hurra and a shout greeted my arrival.

"How do you go it?" inquired a stout man at my stirrup.

"Two to one, if you dare, on Medley!"

"Plank the pewter," said another—"no cure no pay—hurra! hurra! whoop-yew!" And at this I found myself borne upon the shoulders of half a dozen into the house, over chairs and stools and the fallen comrades of my supporters, until they reached the bar, where they made a deposit of their responsibility at the counter, shouting all the while "liquor! liquor! sixteen glasses of brandy oddy! hurra!" Smash went a dozen decanters, and the fragments jingled upon the floor.

It was not the first time that I had travelled in this region, and what would once have assured me that I was in a den of cut throats, now only served as an annoyance for the loss of dinner and rest.

The most effectual way to make drunkenness in others at all supportable, is to get drunk yourself; for

"————— what's drinking?
A mere pause from thinking!"

So without ceremony— for remonstrance in this instance would have only made matters worse—I gulped down a strong decoction of brandy and water. "Go it ye cripples!" said the fellow who pushed it to me, "he's a captain!" Hardly had I recovered breath before another glass was crammed at me: "come, come," said Jack Snooley, "don't fret the cattle Tom," at the same time taking the glass from the person who presented it. Emboldened by having so powerful an advocate, I begged them to let me take a little breath, but it was a short respite, and I was forced to "go it again." A shout at the door called the attention of the party that way; and looking out, I saw a long-legged fellow upon the back of my jaded steed manœuvring like a militia major at a general muster. "Hold the stakes, captain, two hundred dollars aside, my weight to Tom Snooley through the paths." The stakes were deposited and the judges selected. It was in vain that I plead the condition of my horse, and advised the man to draw the bet, assuring him he would lose." "Nobody's business," said the rider; "if I'm a fool my money's not." An idea struck me at the time, forced out perhaps by the brandy which had now began to operate powerfully.

"Well, gentlemen," said I, "if my horse is to run, I must ride him myself." No objection was made, and the fellow who was mounted yelled like a Choctaw, for he was sure now that I was "a bite." We mounted and rode to the end of the quarter-paths, placed the judges at their stands, and threw up "heads or tails" for "the word" and choice of paths. The latter resulted in my favor.—The bystanders now began to set their bets, and the knowing ones backed my poor horse, believing that I was a regular built one." While they were making their bets I was surveying the ground over which to make my escape from the "foul crowd" that beset me. A great flourish and parade were now made about the start. At length we came up square to the polls, and "Go!" was reiterated by judges and all. Away we went, clatter! clatter! clatter! and loud roared the mob, my competitor pawing the dirt into my face like hail stones of a dark night! All at once it ceased, and the yells of the crowd ceased. Looking back I saw horse and rider rolling upon the ground; but knowing the rule of "no stopping in horse-racing," onward I went, little caring who won so I cleared the whole field, after which I knew I would be safe. Fortune willed it otherwise.—Coming up to the "Hotel," my horse after winning the race, bolted from the road, and was making full speed for the river bank—a bluff of some thirty feet! "Stop him! by G—d, stop him!" shouted all hands—crack went a pistol shot, and down went my horse on his knees, pitching me far over his head. How long I lay in this situation I am unable to determine, for I had taken as complete a farewell to the recollections of all earthly things as ever man did who had "shuffled off this mortal coil."

All was silent as death at the *Union Hotel* when I returned to a state of half consciousness. An old lady sat by the bedside bathing my cheeks with spirits of camphor, and a grave and respectable personage was feeling my pulse, whose countenance greeted me with a bland smile· "Thank God!" said the old woman, as I groaned and looked wildly around—the recollections of the past day confusedly mingling with strange phantoms. The remainder is soon told. The pious gentleman to whom I owe my life, was a Methodist preacher, who, if he made but few proselytes to his holy creed, had the gratification of knowing that he was the instrument through whose agency a poor mortal was preserved from being hurried unprepared into eternity. And I here take occasion to bear testimony to the many kindnesses I have known administered at his hand. By the next day I was able to stir, and the good dame—wife to the landlord—placed a letter in my hand which read thus:—

"I am gratified to learn that you have recovered. You will find enclosed $200, which please receive as payment for your horse, and if you can delay your journey, I would be much pleased to have your company at my plantation for as many days as you can devote to our rude society."

The hostess informed me that the shooting of my horse was to prevent him from tumbling down the precipice, which would have proved certain death to both horse and rider, my recollection of which corroborated the supposition. No pay would be received by any of the kind people who attended me, and I was informed that my tavern bill was paid by Captain ———, the writer of the above letter. The town was now as still as if another "race day" would never arrive. Purchasing another horse, I bid adieu to the village of H......, in the Territory of Arkansas, and if ever I travel that way again, may it never be when there is a race and a frolick on hand. Yours, &c., J. S.

Manchester, *Mississippi*, *June* 5, 1836.

"JOB PRINTING—Job Printing!" exclaimed an old woman, the other day, as she peeped over her specks at the advertising page of a country paper, "Poor Job; they've kept him printing, week after week, ever since I first larnt to read, and if he was'nt the most patientest man that ever was, he never could havestood it so long, nohow!"
Dedham Advertiser.

Bull, a Norwegian, has outfiddled Paganini—Paga says Bull has discovered some new hair, but if he will come back to the old horse tail, he'll crotchet and quaver his gizzard out of him.
Boston Morning Post.

A LAST RESOURCE.—The hangman of Limerick in Ireland, in despair at not having exercised his office for two months, determined to execute himself, and actually committed suicide by hanging, after two robbers on whom he had calculated as sure game, were sentenced only to transportation. This veteran was 85 years of age.

THE LATEST ELOPEMENT.

The English papers, with a great deal of eclat, announce that they are *going to have* steam from London to Gretna, and that thus elopements may be made easy and secure. We are one stride ahead of John Bull in our matrimonial affairs. We have steam from our London to our Gretna. Saratoga is the Gretna of this State, and steamboats and locomotives render pursuits, when once started, unavailing, as we shall show.

Mr. F., the husband of a fond, beautiful wife, and the father of a most lovely and accomplished daughter, resides in Bond-street. His house is the resort of the literati of the city, old and young. The old go there to quaff his generous wine, and flatter his amiable lady—the young, to drink deep draughts of love from the beauty of his lovely and accomplished daughter.

Mr. F. was wealthy, and every thing in his house, from the attic to the cellar, was in perfect keeping with his well known taste, and luxurious ideas.

His daughter Ellen, was the pride of his heart; she was beauteous, talented, and accomplished, but withal, one of the most romantic beings that ever fancied herself the heroine of a story, or the daughter of some gallant knight. Her's was a romance of the heart—with every thing she saw, she connected some romantic idea.

One evening in the early part of last week, Mr. F. returned home rather earlier than usual. He had some writing to do, and sat down to his *escritoire* to perform it. On opening it, he thought the papers were a little disarranged, but he passed that, and went on with his writing. Having to send some money away in one of his letters, he opened the drawer in which it was kept, but he sought in vain. Thinking perhaps he had put it in some other place, which he had forgotten, he commenced a search, but no money could he find. The manner in which he first found his papers then came across his mind, and he at once suspected he had been robbed. He arose hastily, and rang a peal on the bell that awoke the slumbering menials in the kitchen.

"Here, John, Thomas, Henry, have you seen any one in my room this evening?"

"No, sir, only Miss Ellen," replied one of the waiters.

"Where is Mrs. F.?"

"She went out about four, sir, and has not yet come back."

"Where is Ellen?"

"I don't know, sir; she went out just before five, but I haven't seen her since."

"Run directly to the Police office, and if Mr. Hays or Merritt, or any officer is there, tell them I want them instantly," and away flew the servant.

While the servant was gone for an officer, Mr. F. recommenced his search, which was again fruitless; and as he had just given it up in despair, Mr. ——, an officer, entered the room, announced by the servant.

"Look here, Mr. ——, I have been robbed of upwards of $2000."

"Yes, sir," quietly responded the officer, who already in idea had the thief by the nape of the neck. "Yes, sir. Where are all your servants?—bring them here."

All the servants were duly marshalled before the keen officer; but none betrayed signs of guilt. "Are these all the servants?"

"No; there is one—my own footman William—I permitted him to go this afternoon, but he went away very early, and has not yet been back."

"That will do—they may retire," and Mr. F. and the officer were alone.

"John," said Mr F., calling one of the servants back, "When my wife and daughter come back, send them here."

While they are settling the plan for the discovery of the thief, I beg your attention to that couple just going on board the Constitution, for Albany. The lady is dressed plainly, but neatly, and her face completely hidden beneath a calash, aided by a double veil. The gentleman attending her is a fine, tall, noble looking Englishman—graceful and polite. See how he walks, as proud and as stately as though he were a monarch.

The boat is off. The lady has retired to the ladies' cabin, and the gentleman to one corner of the cabin below, where he is busily engaged in the latest novel. The shades of evening drew on, and the gentleman casting aside his book, went on deck. In a few moments he was joined by the veiled lady, and they ascended the promenade deck.

"My own dear Ellen, we are now safe from pursuit, and may venture to speak freely. I wonder if Papa has found us out yet?"

"Oh, dear, I hope not," shuddered the lady, increasing her weight upon the gentleman's arm. "I wonder what he will say? But, William, you promised to tell me who and what you were, as soon as you had a chance—and now do tell me."

"My charming creature, I am the son, the only son of a wealthy English gentleman. My father was desirous of marrying me to a lady of his own choice, and I did not approve his taste, so I avoided a match that must have made me miserable forever. I left my country and took passage for America. I landed here unknown and knowing no one. One day as I was walking Broadway, I caught sight of your lovely face. I need not say I loved you at once. I followed you to your house, and knowing that it was impossible for me even to procure an introduction to you, I changed my dress for a footman's and hired myself to your father, where I have been a thousand and a thousand times repaid for all my sufferings, by daily gazing on the loveliest of her sex."

"Dear William, and did you do all that for me? Oh, dear, I wonder what Pa will say when he misses his money?"

"Money! Why, did you bring any money?"

"To be sure I did. Do you think I was going to run away and not bring any thing with me? Here are $2000—I know how much there is, for when I took it from the drawer, I counted it."

"My angel," sighed the enraptured gentlemen's gentleman, as he pocketed the wallet containing this (to him) fortune."

"What time do you think we shall get in to Albany?"

"About 4 or 5, I suppose. Shall we wait and go on in the cars, or get post horses and proceed right on?"

"Oh, get post horses, by all means," quickly replied Ellen, who saw nothing romantic in the idea of being dragged by a steam coach, at the rate of fifty miles an hour. "Get post horses, by all means."

"Well, dearest, as you say. But you had better retire now, for the night is chilly, and I will have you called in the morning when every thing is ready."

Ellen took the advice and retired to the ladies cabin, but not to sleep. She was engaged in an adventure, and until it was terminated, she could have no peace.—The gentleman went forward, smoked a couple of cigars, and turned in.

The reader, I presume, may by this time discover in Ellen the daughter of Mr. F., and the purloiner of his money; and in the gentleman, his footman, to whom he had granted leave of absence for a few hours—

* * * * * * * * * *

"Twelve o'clock, and Ellen not yet returned. I wonder where she can possibly be at this time of night. She never staid out so long before without my knowledge," said Mr. F. to his lady who was half asleep on the luxurious sofa in Mr. F's room.

"Oh," yawned the lady, "she is safe no doubt. But perhaps she is in, and has gone to bed. I will go up and see," and she ascended to Ellen's room. The door was not locked, and Mrs. F. on entering was astonished. Ellen's clothes were scattered over the bed and floor. The drawers of her bureau were half emptied, and most of the finest articles gone She screamed for Mr. F., and he rushed up stairs.

"More robbery," thought he at once, and taking the light from Mrs. F., went up to the bureau to examine for himself. On the top lay a sealed note, addressed to "My dear parents." Mr. F. tore it open, and read:—

"*Dear Mother and Father*—Forgive me. William has confessed his love for me. He says he will tell me who he is and what he is, and in a few hours I shall be the bride of the man of my choice. Ellen."

"D—nation," roared the enraged Mr. F. "Eloped, and with a footman," and the bell rope broke from the violence of his pulls. The servants rushed up stairs half frightened to death, and not half dressed.

"James, go and pack up some things in a portmanteau. I know where they have gone. Get ready to start with me in the 6 o'clock boat for Albany.' Mrs. F. wept, and pulled her fine flowing hair, not very hard though. "Come, come, Mrs. F., this is no time for crying."

"D—n the villain, I'll shoot him if I catch him, by G—d."

At six o'clock on the following morning, Mr. F. was on the road to Albany, at the rate of 16 miles per hour.

* * * * * * * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Fitzmaurice, (for such was the name of the gentleman's gentleman, who had hitherto passed under the *assumed* name of William Jenkins) were sitting in the beautiful parlor at the Pavillion. They had been made one the evening previous, and were gazing fondly in each other's eyes, speaking of bliss, kisses, and happiness, and so forth and so forth, all of which sounds very well to lover's ears, but most stupidly flat on paper.

The door was burst open with a shock that aroused the hundred inmates to their feet.

"Where is the d—d infernal scoundrel?" exclaimed a voice which frightened poor Ellen, the young bride, into an hysterical fit. Mr. Fitzmaurice arose, and stood erect. Mr. F. caught sight of him, and he rushed towards him like a tiger.

"Stand off, Sir, that is my wife, and touch her at your peril," coolly and calmly said the new made husband.

"Wife! you infernal puppy, how dare you, Sir, how dare you pass yourself for a gentleman? You, a footman, a servant! how dare you Sir—but by Heaven I'll be revenged. I'll have you put in prison as a robber. You have stolen my money—wife, I'll teach you Sir—wife indeed!"

Ellen had, by the assistance of some kind ladies, who ever alive to such scenes, at once saw through the whole, now recovered sufficiently to arise, and throw herself on her knees before her infuriate father.

"Oh, Pa, don't hurt him, I took the money—besides he is a gentleman. He says he is, he says he only"—

"Out upon you, you graceless fool," and he spurned her from him with violence.

"Mr. F.," said Mr. Fitzmaurice, "you are making a very unnecessary and and ridiculous scene. What is done cannot be undone. Ellen is now my wife. The marriage has been regularly performed, and if you will grant me a few moment's private conversation, I will soon convince you."

"Satisfy the devil," exclaimed Mr. F., almost bursting with rage; "but, come, I will hear what you have to say."

They retired, and in about half an hour Ellen was sent for. Her father and husband were quietly conversing. As she entered, both arose.

"Ellen" said the father, "you have played me a shabby trick—you deserve to suffer bitterly for it, but you shall not—I forgive you, may you be happy," and he retired, leaving the lovers alone.

The next day the trio returned to New York. Mrs. F. as in duty bound gave her forgiveness, and Mr. and Mrs. Fitzmaurice are now on their tour to Niagara.

Morning Herald.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

Buffalo, N. Y. June 25th 1836.

Dear Porter—Two little months since I have seen a number that I could call my own of the Spirit of the Times; whether I am to blame you, or the Post Office department I do not know—so I make no comment. I have "delivered a plain unvarnished tale"—well, here I am in Buffalo, seated by a good fire this 24th day of June. I do not know whether the climate be always so inclement, but certes it has at present a very uncomfortable influence upon constitutions accustomed to the more genial temperature of Philadelphia and Baltimore. I would have called this the western country, but that term is so badly defined. Ten years since, from Philadelphia, Pittsburgh was in the west a tedious journey, full of "hair breadth 'scapes. Five years since, Buffalo was very far west—now, when emigrants set out for the west they take their departure from Chicago a thousand miles back of Buffalo. The tide of emigration pouring through this city for the great west is immense. Every steam boat goes out full of passengers—

> "Thick as in Spring the flowers adorn the land
> Or leaves the trees"—

To give you some slight idea of the true state of the case, in this morning's Buffalo paper, I see an extract from the Detroit Journal, which mentions "that 27,000 persons had arrived at the wharf at Detroit in 48 successive hours."—The opinion gains ground that "westward the march of empire takes its way," and every nation and every people sends its tributaries. One of the consequences is that at this season of the year accommodations of any kind are in Buffalo difficult to be obtained and it is no fable when you hear of strangers, being compelled to look for lodgings on board the steam boats, or in empty stage coaches; and only to highly favoured guests is the stretch of compliments so great as to ask whether their choice leads them to prefer a resting place under a table or upon one. With the exception of the *item*, want of *elbow-room*, the hotels here are in all other respects well appointed. But as the rooms are comfortably and luxuriously furnished,

> "Our simple life wants little, and true taste
> Heeds not the pale drudge, luxury, to waste
> The scene it would adorn."

The rival houses are the Eagle and the Mansion house. The Eagle is under the superintendance of Messrs Kimball, White and Haddock, and is admirably managed. The house at present contains accommodations, I mean comfortable accommodations for nearly 300 people but that is not half sufficient for the wants of its greatly increasing business. An addition has now been built to it, or to speak by the cord another Hotel has been built next to it, as large as any of your Hotels in New York, with the single exception of the great Astor House and even that will not long remain the solitary instance of an Hotel of that Mammoth magnitude, for Mr. ———— is now erecting (or rather razing the present building for the purpose of erecting) a stupendous edifice that shall throw Astors Hotel into the shade and "make Ossa like a wart"—Mine host of the Mansion House, Mr. Barton is known to all you New Yorkers being your fellow townsman, the best of caterers and the chief of good fellows. He will shortly retire from his present arduous post having realized a fortune by his devotion to his duties, and having made every man his friend by his courtesy and amiable disposition. These are only the larger Hotels that I speak of; there are numerous others of a less unwieldy size that are also well conducted.

One of the first things that strikes a stranger in this community is the appearance of the universal diffusion of wealth—labor is well remunerated and all classes enjoy a degree of comfort and independence not to be met with on the seaboard. I can say no more on this subject, for though I did lately peruse most attentively a series of politics, economical essays on the rate of wages, yet by the time I got to the end of them I found I began to have a pretty confused notion on the subject, although it is discussed in a very masterly manner, yet I find that I am not solus, for it has contrived to puzzle even those who have fancied they knew most about the matter.

The great prosperity of Buffalo is in a measure due to the enterprise of some of the leading citizens. Mr. Rathbon 16 years ago, was a farmer and cultivated the land on which the city in a measure stands. Not many years since he came to Buffalo the poorest of the poor, all his worldly effects in a small wagon, "his Jewels and his rich ornaments," his wife and children; by his enterprise and industry, he has accumulated wealth which is still increasing, as his energy "neither bound nor stay knows;" every Saturday evening he pays off 1300 labouring hands—pretty well for the young town of Buffalo. Another of our worthies, Mr. Brisbane recently erected a theatre not as they do in the eastern cities by getting stock and ruining the poor manager by demanding a free admission for every stockholder—he proceeded on a different system—without assistance he erected a theatre that would do credit to any city. The building alone cost $36,000—a rather liberal sum for one gentleman to advance, not by way of speculation, for he gets only a fair interest for his money, but that such an establishment might be provided for the amusement of the liberal minded portion of his fellow-citizens, as would at once command their respect and attachment. That the Eagle-street theatre has done so, I need not tell *you*, who keep your eyes open to all that is doing for the advancement of the liberal arts, but the very great success it has met with, is in a measure due to the business talents of the managers, Messrs. Stephen Dean and David McKinney—these gentlemen are instances of what industry and good judgement will do. Mr. Dean arrived in Buffalo two years since, and I shrewdly suspect that his case might be included under one of the three heads of those who fled to King David in the olden time, viz. "every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented." If he was discontented when he came here, he has no reason to be so now. His unassuming and correct deportment from the first gained him friends, his great financial abilities, prudence and good luck have gained him a fortune. I have great pleasure in paying this little tribute to the merits, talents, and popularity of Mr. Stephen Dean,

> "For he is gracious, if he be observed,
> He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
> Open as day to melting charity."

Mr. McKinney the junior partner has the charge of the theatrical part of their multifarious concerns. You may remember his scrape with Hamblin, in which the latter so completely caught a tartar. That quarrel has been of service to him, as it sent him up here to mend his condition, which he has certainly done, having a lease of a theatre with a greater certainty of making a rapid fortune by it, than any other similar establishment in the United States. McKinney is an excellent man of business, which in his theatre is conducted like clock work. He is a great favorite both as a gentleman and actor, in his first capacity not being puffed up with his own prosperity as a fellow of no merit would have been. On the stage by his earnestness and good judgement, I should have thought him an actor that could have been but illy spared from New-York during the present great dearth of talent. Mr. McClure plays the old men of the theatre, and his "dulcissima Conjux," The Lady Macbeths, in fact all the best in tragedy and comedy. Mr. Lennox whom I have seen at the Bowery Theatre, plays all the interesting young heroes and occasionally digresses into the line of low comedy and old men, in neither of which he is fitted to excel, being devoid of whim and humour—he is however, one of the most useful actors that a Manager can find, for he is always perfect, always well dressed, and his departure from the line in which he excels is more likely to be caused by the Managers desire than by his own wishes. The Buffo of the theatre is a Mr. Marble, a young but promising actor. He especially excels in Yankees, (although I have seen him play Rolla here with good discretion,) a play that belongs to him, (which was written for him by a talented young lawyer of the place, named Thompson) founded upon the heroics of a certain Sam Patch I have a great desire to see—those upon whose judgment I can rely, tell me that in that character he is not inferior to any effort of either Hackett or Hill, and the piece is said to be better than the common run of the Ephemera of the day—the piece concludes with the hero in propria persona taking a leap of 56 feet in sight of the audience—rather a daring effort and worthy of commanding the applause of a New-York or Baltimore audience. I have seen the place in the theatre where the leap is taken, and had I not the evidence of many credible witnesses, I should doubt that any man would be rash enough to take such a leap, particularly when the reward was so evanescent as the public approbation. Certain it is that the piece succeeded so well here, that Mr. Marble could afford to pay the author a sum varying from 4 to 500 dollars, and has made it already answer his purpose by the great success it met with during its run in Buffalo. A body of the young gentlemen of the city requested Marble to sit for his picture, which was accordingly painted by a clever young artist of the city named Jenks and put up in Perry's Coffee House, the great resort of all the wits of the place. Speaking of artists, the painter of our theatre H. Isherwood certainly stands preeminent among the scenic artists of the country. There is a warmth, a glow o coloring about his scenes that I have seldom seen equalled. A Library Scene and the Drop Curtain are his principal efforts, and have been much and justly admired. As an actor he is no mean addition to the company, and a few evenings since I saw him play Iago in a manner highly judicious and sensible.

The Manager's brother F. W. McKinney, plays many parts of the comic old men, in which line he is decidedly very funny.

Mr. Warren, a son of the former manager of the Philadelphia Theatres, plays the line of Walking Gentlemen much more than respectably, although he excels in a line quite at variance with his present one—that of broad comedy, which he is admirably fitted for from his natural whim and dry quiet humour. The old ladies are played in a very quiet lady-like manner by Mrs. Mackenzie, formerly of the Washington and Baltimore Theatres. The young ladies by a very pretty amiable girl, Miss Warren, and the soubrettes, romps and coquettes, by Mrs. Conway, a clever actress and singer, with but few superiors, and has a *je ne sai quoi* manner about her that has completely carried away the hearts of our "nice young bachelors."

With this outline of the leading features of the Company, you may conclude that the play of the Last Days of Pompeii that has been many months in preparation, and a great expense lavished upon it, will be produced in excellent style.—Every scene is new by Isherwood—the dresses magnificent, many of them expressly obtained from New-York, and as the whole piece has been rehearsed frequently, under the careful direction of Mr. Conway, the able and intelligent prompter of the establishment and perhaps the most competent man that can be found in his province, there is no doubt the piece will have a great run and be a source of emolument to the Managers.

In Buffalo there is the best Reading Room that I have yet met with in this country, formed by an association of Young Men, superior to your Commercial Rooms at New-York, or the Reading Room at Baltimore; in Philadelphia and Washington there is nothing to compare with it. I have at present enjoyed the privilege of the Newspaper Room, from the circumstance of my being a stranger; when I shall have gained the honour of membership, I shall write to you more fully on the value of the establishment. Their object is to establish a Library and Reading Room and to procure literary and scientific lectures and to promote the intellectual improvement of its members. The Library is at present small but well selected, the Reading Room contains files of almost every paper published in every section of the United States; it is extremely well managed and will continue a monument of the enterprise and spirit of the young men of Buffalo, through whose exertions the city now progresses with the most rapid strides.

I have written to you so fully "de omnibus rebus," that I must conclude before I had half done with what I have to say, and that because my paper will not stretch further. I wish that I had you for one day only to take a look at this flourishing city, or for one hour only, that you might have but one glass with me at Perry's Coffee House. Perry is a right good fellow, "a jolly dog," and by his suavity and universal good temper, is making a rapid fortune. His house is the resort of all the young men, who indeed cannot but feel pride in patronising an establishment that would put to the blush many of your crack houses in New-York. I know that every thing I see here I see "couleur de rose," but you cannot wonder at that, as I have never been in any spot where the same bustle, animation and evidence of prosperity was so visible.

Messrs. Dean & McKinney the Managers of the Buffalo theatre have lately bought a lot in Cleavland, Ohio, for the sum of $14,000, for the purpose of erecting a theatre there. Within two hours after the bargain was concluded, (so our correspondent writes) lots in the immediate vicinity rose in value 25 per cent.

Burton is announced as a star shortly to appear at the Buffalo Theatre. Burton is a great actor and will draw crowds after him, the good people of Buffalo are special lovers of fun, and will make Burton right welcome.

A BROADWAY SERENADE.

It was a delightful night just adapted to love. The air was still yet balmy, the busy tradesman had sunk into repose. The dozing watchman alone disturbed the stillness—the silver moon with yellow radiance lightened "all" Broadway, as the enveloped form of a well known dashing Italian Musician stopped under the window of a lovely creature in the neighborhood of Niblo's Garden. He drew forth his guitar and lightly sweeping his finger over its strings, brought forth music most enchanting, whilst his rich voice chimed in at every stave. His eyes were upward turned, and joy and love were in his countenance as by the movement of the blinds of the Venetian window, he knew the inmate was stirring.—A few soft liquid words in Italian passed between them when off he went, with heart ten times lighter than before. His step was elastic; there was a certain carriage which could you have seen him, would say to you "I have been successful—she will comply."

The following night about 8 the air was murky - the heavens looked foreboding, and all nature portended some dire event—every body seemed depressed in spirits, save one couple—the man was full of love and triumph, but the female—"there was a lurking devil in her eye" which rolled around in anxious glances as if fearful of discovery. They chatted as they walked and he seemed to direct her steps. As they turned a certain corner, the muffled form of a man hovered around; aloof and desperate were his looks, as you could now and then catch a glance of his features. Revenge was in his face, and his hands with an unnatural opening and shutting, seemed grasping the knife, whilst his countenance expressed how delighted would he feel were it so. The couple stopped whilst he who watched them hid himself beneath the portal of a dwelling. Long was the conversation—he seemed to be entreating—once he was near on his knees whilst his eyes were in "a fine phrenzy rolling"—but the recollection that they were in the street, and a check from the young lady prevented his getting completely down. The lady played her part well; at first she gave a complete denial—now she gave way a little and ultimately her promise was given and they parted, he gently bending his head and pressing her hand with fervor to his lips. The lady lightly scampered off, and not an appearance of guilt was to be seen on her blooming cheek, which shown all lovely and innocent. The dark man came forth from his hiding place and following the young girl, joined her. She exclaimed, Brother! and that was the only sign she displayed of surprise or fear. They walked on and entered the stately edifice of their parents, who little suspected the pursuits o their daughter, which were shortly to be brought to light. That night there was music and dancing in the "festive hall of her father." She was the gayest of the gay and by her lively wit and repartee imparted spirit and mirth around—contending beaux sought her hand. She gracefully whirled in the mazes of the waltz—lightly she skipped in the mazourka and lady-like passed through the figures of the quadrille. Could you have supposed this the being you had seen the night before, walking with a foreign adventurer, submitting to his embraces and yielding at last to his wishes. But we will pass over all this, and come to the conclusion of our story. It was midnight, and the Italian was before the house which has been the scene of the drama; again he touched the guitar—he sung—the window blinds moved—she was there—his voice quivered with delight—quick and more quick did his fingers sweep over his guitar—the entrance door below was about to open—he was ready to receive, "Oh what a scene of joyous bliss"—when from the window above and the door below volumes of water descended upon him to cool his fervid brain, whilst the loud shouts of laughter rung like a death knell upon his ear, as he rapidly hurried from the scene. It appeared the love sick musician had made advances to the lady in the street, which she repelled and made it known to her brother who was determined to punish his insolence, and with this intention had prevailed upon his sister to meet him and apparently yield to his entreaties, and make the appointment which led him to her corridor, whilst he with a number of companions should be ready to receive him, and to his plaintive notes reply in *liquid* strains.

L.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 9, 1836.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

So much has been said and sung by our neighbors in regard to "the ever-glorious Fourth," that we content ourselves with merely alluding to certain sayings and doings, "that in the course of human events," were probably overlooked by them. Considering that their various articles on this patriotic topic were written under the benign influences of terrific head-aches, which like the courage of Bob Acres, oozed out at their fingers' ends, as paragraph succeeded paragraph, it must be confessed they acquitted themselves very tolerably. At the first go off on Tuesday, such confusion reigned in their knowledge boxes, that it is reported several tried the hair of the same dog to cure the bite, but every body knows how this world is given to lying! Having enjoyed an interesting state of betweenity on the occasion ourselves, with the happy ability to see every which way, it devolves upon us, *in* course, to apprize our sixty thousand readers of the facts in the premises.

Imprimis—the celebration of the glorious day commenced on Sunday afternoon, by a general cannonade from a battery of pop-guns, crackers, etcete-*rar*, etcete-*rar*, all over the city, each house having been fortified on the Saturday previous. The chivalry of the younger portion of this community never appeared to greater advantage. The dauntless courage with which mothers were besieged, sisters carried by storm, and chamber maids routed or compelled to lay down their arms and cry for quarter, will be remembered when Niblo's Juleps are unknown, and the saucy Herald forgotten.

There was a delightful row at the Five Points—row? there were dozens, all very funny, we dare say. A bulletin from the scene of war, reported one man killed, sixty wounded, black eyes as plenty as huckleberries, and bloody noses *ad libitum*.

Sunday night was not warm, it was hot. When we pulled off our head and put our boots to bed, *à la* Boston, Charley McDoodle, as honest a bogtrotter as ever emptied a noggin of whiskey in honor of St. Patrick and old Ireland, informed us, with some trepidation, that "sure Mr. P. wouldn't be after trying going to slape without a night-cap of cowld water with a little brandy in it, and the *Diameter* up to 120 just!" It was mighty "snugfying" with bells ringing, people shouting, guns firing, and "the Diameter at 120!" The crackers and torpedos so haunted us, that as we lay in a doze—"a line of lengthened sweetness long drawn out"—we fancied ourselves metamorphosed into a huge Chinese cracker, "big as all out-doors," and there's no telling but that we might have gone off too, had not a peripatetic gentleman "all unused to the melting mood," found his way into our chamber, very promiscuously, instead of his own, where comfortably seating himself, he struck up the national anthem of—Jim Crow. Nor was this all; the night walker had a lighted segar in his potatoe-trap, which ever and anon, between the stanzas, he puffed away at vigorously. Wishing to see how this farce would end, we remained quiet for a while, until mistaking one of our legs for the bed-post, the gentleman with the utmost sang froid knocked off the hot ashes from his segar against it, for which we first hit him a teazer in his bread basket, and asked him what he meant afterwards.

In the course of the night the canvass booths around the Park were set fire to, and a regular row commenced. The inmates armed themselves with cold legs of mutton, roast pigs and rum bottles, and the prodigies of valor they displayed has has not been equalled since Samson routed the Philistines with the jawbone of an ass.

Sunrise was ushered in with sound of gun, blunderbuss and thunder, that might have been heard in the vicinity of Cape Cod with the aid of Miss Martineau's ear trumpet. Confusion worse confounded was the order of the day.—Hundreds of fingers were blown off, until their pocket change being used up like their pistols, most of the boys were "busted."

We were up betimes that morning, brimful of wrath and patriotism. A murky cloud of smoke uprising from unnumbered thousands of nameless *detonators* had enveloped the city in a murky, hot, brimstone smelling fog; and urged on in fleet career by the explosions of squibs and crackers, pistols and fusees, we rushed down to the nearest dock to escape from all our troubles and persecutions here in the flesh, by jumping ——— aboard a steamboat. But on reaching this goal of our wishes, with such hordes of unlicked cubs did we find it freighted, that we skulked away, preferring rather to brave all the horrors of war in the streets, *to* suffocation in this more than India *black hole*, propelled by steam.

The science displayed in our retreat to our sanctum sanctorum would, if narrated, overtop the fame of Moreau's celebrated movement through the Black Forest of Germany. But we will be merciful, nor think to rob him of his laurels. Suffice it, that we chose with unequalled skill *the soft places* on the line of march, and arrived in comparative safety at our den, with the loss only of one eye, put out by a squib—a nervous affection of the left hand, caused by the passage therethrough of the ramrod of an urchin's pistol—and, most sad of all, a savage rent in the left skirt of our claret colored coat, from a bunch of crackers being accidentally *dropped* there by an innocent young gentleman, who, in endeavoring to retake the bunch, *happened* somehow to touch them with a piece of a thing about 2½ inches long, round and smooth, resembling in more respects than one, a lighted *cigar*. A noise followed this harmless movement, not unlike the rattling of fire-arms, and the form and comeliness of the posterior of our dear old coat was thereby marred: on the whole, the *way* this happened was singular.

Several regiments and societies having paraded in honor of the day, added to the hundred thousand individuals that filled the streets, about 11 o'clock, A. M., must needs commence a terrible thunder shower. Awnings and umbrellas of course were in great request, but thousands of ladies—or rather female women—were shelterless amid the "peltings of the pitiless storm." The Officers and Marshals on parade at once rode off "to cover," leaving their commands to grin and bear it as they best might. There they stood huddled together on the Battery, bedraggled with mud and wet as drowned rats, while, with the whites of their eyes rolled up like defunct codfish, they took their shower bath and swore.

When the shower commenced it was a neck and neck race between the women and the boys and loafers, from the Battery "up all manner of streets," where was any hope of shelter. The awnings on Broadway were crowded to suffocation, and with some very pretty faces too. Seated before a window of our sanctum "calm as a summer's morning," what but our inherent gallantry should have prompted us to seize our umbrella and go about like a good Samaritan relieving the distressed. Such a galaxy of bright-eyed beauty as we picked up by the wayside, and so many lovely Andromedas did we succor like another Perseus, as the harem of no eastern Sultan ever exhibited.

The sights in the streets as the passengers scud along, was a step beyond the sublime. Here was a party of bareheaded urchins, with their hats filled with the arms and munitions of war, such as squibs and crackers, while women with one shoe perhaps, or girls with bibs and tuckers, held over their heads to shield their new bonnets from the rain, might be seen at every turn. Gen. Bennett relates that he encountered an individual of the feminine gender trudging along, that in her anxiety to save a fashionable hat and veil, had unconsciously unmasked one extremity of her person to conceal another—that is her head was completely hid beneath a red flannel petticoat, thereby disclosing the dearest little foot and the prettiest turned ancle in the world. The General's modesty prevented his pursuing his researches further, we should hope; the very instant *we* caught a glimpse of her under our window, our eyes involuntarily underwent an eclipse.

The thousands that filled the shady retreats and popular resorts in the vicinity, were generally caught in the rain, while cold water was thrown on many a pic nic, and flirtations and wooing scenes innumerable. In the evening, the Theatres and Gardens were filled to overflowing, and notwithstanding the multitudes engaged in the carryings on of the 4th, a stranger would not have remarked on the following morning that any unusual excitement had recently occurred. The fact was, all had enjoyed themselves to the utmost, and the re-action was so great as to render the community less noisy, bustling and turbulent than usual. We might enlarge upon the ludicrous scenes that occurred during "our natal day"—but lest we should be suspected of spinning *yarns*, and long ones too, here break we off.

Upwards of 100 boxes of salmon were on Friday imported into London from Scotland.

GREEN ROOM INTELLIGENCE.

Four managers are abroad from this country to engage foreign artists for the ensuing theatrical campaign: Mr. Price of the Park, Flynn of the National, Hackett of the Bowery, and Maywood of the Chesnut street, Philadelphia; Latham, for Caldwell, soon follows, and also another gentleman for Russell. If their drafts are honored, the capital stock of the dramatic talent in Great Britain must command a high premium. The only "availables" that will remain in England by next September, provided our Managers meet with anticipated success in their engagements, will be Charles Kemble and "my daughter" Adelaide, old Young, Bailie Nicol Jarvie Murray, of Edinburgh, Harry Wallack, Madame Vestris and Sinclair. Of course we do not include the foreign artists in England, such as Grisi, Tamburini, Lablache and others, though if moderate offers will be accepted, we shall have them here and at Caldwell's. If Liston concludes to return to the stage, which is doubtful, we shall see *the* Paul Pry, and Farren's Sir Peter Teazle—Macready's Wm. Tell and Vandenhoff's Macbeth—Taglioni's La Bayadere, De Beriot's violin solo, and Malibran's Amina—Charles Kean's Hamlet, and Ellen Tree's Mariana. By the packets of next month we may expect Paganini, Helen Faucit, Knowles, Power, *the* Wallack, and very possibly, Mr. and Mrs. Wood.

It will afford great pleasure to his many country friends to learn that Mr. Horn has quite recovered his voice. He is engaged at Niblo's. Mr. Horn, Junior has, left the profession, having received a highly responsible appointment in the City Bank.

Mr. Barnes and family have arrived in town from the South after a series of brilliant engagements at Augusta, Charleston, Savannah, etc. They are all in fine health and spirits; Miss Charlotte has improved immensely since we saw her, in every respect, and is now one of the most beautiful women on the stage.

At the Franklin and Mrs. Hamblin's theatre, there were *two* performances on the 4th July, the first commencing at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and the second at 7 in the evening. The scheme succeeded so well that next year it is intended to play a tragedy before breakfast and repeat the dose every hour during the day.

Parsons opened the Louisville theatre on the 18th ult. with The Belle's Stratagem—he playing *Doricourt* to Miss Clarke's *Letitia Hardy*. The succeeding night introduced Mr. Charles Mason and his sister, in The Hunchback. Miss Jane is a great favorite, it appears. Mrs. Drake has been playing *Claudia* (Miss Mitford's Rienzi,) there. By the way, Frankenstein, the Cincinnati artist, has recently produced a portrait of Parsons as Rienzi, which is exhibited in the saloon of the Louisville theatre. It is said to be so clever a work of art as to have created a schism among the critics who are quarreling whether Parson's portrait or his acting is most to be admired.

The Cincinnati theatre was opened on the 18th ult. by Fred. S. Hill, a very clever fellow, in every acceptance of the term. Mrs. Maeder, (late Miss Clara Fisher), is among the stars there. Russell played a single night there last week on his way through town for New York.

Latham is in town from New Orleans; he sails immediately for England to secure stars and recruits for Caldwell.

The Tiernans are greatly flattered by the Canadians; we should judge Mr. Ward was making a good thing of his theatre in Montreal. Reeve and others join him forthwith.

The Bostonians have made much of Dowton, as is evidenced by the annexed paragraphs from the Morning Post.

Mr. Dowton—the charming old gentleman—played admirably on Friday night before a large, and as fashionable an audience as has been within the Tremont during the season. His *Sir Peter Teazle* was given to the life—the alternations of feeling—love, confidence, regret, suspicion, resolution, doubt, conviction, forgiveness—were naturally and most effectively portrayed throughout the performance—the screen scene drew forth vehement and continued applause. *Lingo* and *Druggett*, in the afterpieces, kept the whole assembly in a roar of laughter until the final fall of the curtain. In the latter Mr. D. was exceedingly humorous.—At the close of the performance a general call for him was responded to by Mr. D. in the following appropriate and feeling manner:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen—I am perhaps, the worst extemporaneous orator in the world, but, notwithstanding this, I cannot help attempting to tell you how much I feel honored in witnessing so large an audience on an evening like this, when the atmosphere within doors is almost suffocating. I must, in justice to my feelings, also add, that I have experienced nothing but the utmost kindness since I stepped upon your shores; this has inspired me with a strong anxiety, aside from professional duty, to render myself acceptable to so generous and indulgent a community; and the assurance I find in your appearance here, and the manifestations of approbation bestowed upon my efforts, of my partial success, at least, affords me gratification which I cannot express. I can only say, I am most heartily grateful, and in saying this must bid you good night."

The Philadelphia "Pet of the Petticoats"—Burton—had a thumping benefit last week as usual. He is expected to play an engagement here next season. To see him and Placide together would beat cock-fighting. The Saturday News, a new and very clever Philadelphia paper speaks of Burton to the following effect:—

Burton's benefit, a few evenings since—as usual, when that admirable comedian comes forward as a *beneficiare*—drew one of the most brilliant and crowded houses of the season, although the night was excessively oppressive and sultry, and when called upon for a speech, he delivered himself in the following neat and amusing manner:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen—Your presence here this evening gives me another opportunity of repeating my oft-told tale of thanks. I did not expect such a *scorcher* of a house during this excessively *hot* weather; but I am proud of the *warmth* of your patronage, and trust you will never have occasion *to look cool* on me. There is an old saying that every dog has his day—I look upon this as one of my *dog days*, and be assured that I shall never be such an ungrateful *puppy* as to turn round and *bark* at the hands which have caressed me."

It is needless to say that his seasonable address was loudly cheered.

Mademoiselle Celeste, after concluding a most brilliant week at the Bowery, begins at Albany on Monday next, for six nights. She will spend the remainder of the hot weather at Saratoga Springs.

Mr. Hill is playing at the Park yet to good houses. Mrs. Asbury, (a sister to Placide) is leading the business. Who is to lead the business next September? Not Mrs. Hilson, nor any other lady we have now, we confidently hope and trust.

European Correspondents.—The Commercial of last evening ventured, we think, upon a broad scale of proscription, in pronouncing most of the European Correspondents for the American press "far more flippant than profound, possessing neither the means nor the capacity of penetrating beneath the surface of things," and following it up with the modest declaration, that the correspondent of the Commercial is "an exception to the rule." We are glad to hear it, but answering only for the English Correspondent of the Evening Star, we can say that for copious industry, instructive and agreeable variety, a knowledge of the politics of Europe, a literary taste and an off hand pleasant readible style, his letters are inferior to none in the Union, and their general republication is evidence of this fact. Even those who charged him with fabrication and flippancy, were not unwilling to secure his services by direct but unsuccessful application.

Evening Star.

It would appear egotistical in this paper to say more than to express our conviction of the truth of the Evening Star's estimate of its Liverpool correspondent. But how the editor of the Commercial Advertiser can stomach such *stuff* as "Americanus" is sending him from France is beyond our ken. He neither posses "the means nor the capacity" of Professor Carter, the good sense of Brooks, the genius of Willis, the taste of Fay, nor the talent, tact, or industry of Mackenzie. We are glad the Commercial thinks "no small beer" of its correspondent, for any other press in the country would be sorry to pay him a shilling for the best letter he ever penned. Suppose Col. Stone was making a tour on the Continent, we appeal to himself, if he would not rather lose his right hand than be identified as the "travelled monkey" he so lauds. He may well claim him to be "an exception to the rule" of most correspondents for the American press, for such a Miss Nancy in breeches has seldom got admission for his puerilities into the columns of so respectable and excellent a paper as the Commercial.

A Mighty Smart Boy.—The Gallatin, (Tenn.) Democrat speaks of a gentleman of Mississippi who started at two o'clock the other day and walked *ten* miles—caught *twenty* fish—killed *five* snakes—walked down *two* rabbits—ran a deer *three* miles, and would have caught it if he had not slipped up—and got home before 4 o'clock the same evening! All we have got to say is, beat this who can.

The *Boston Brass Band* are giving Concerts at Vauxhall Garden. Both James and Edward Kendall are engaged at Niblo's, where the former is soon to make his first appearance since his return from New Orleans. A great deal of pleasure is anticipated.

BOAT CLUBS.

We are gratified to discover a feeling of deep interest springing up on all sides in favor of the association of Boat Clubs in our beautiful bay. The young gentlemen composing the different Clubs are among the most respectable and promising in the city, and in their excursions of pleasure to the several points of popular resort adjacent to the harbor, have manifested such a sense of the respect due to themselves as to secure universal good will and good wishes. Early in the season we published the "manifesto" of the Association, containing some most salutary regulations, especially in relation to excursions upon the Sabbath and carousals on any occasion,—both of which are strictly forbidden.

Within a few days we accompanied one of the Clubs to a favorite and delightful resort, and have renewed cause to express our admiration of an amusement so healthful and so useful. It cannot be too strongly impressed upon our community, and especially the commercial part of it, that this amusement is fraught with most important advantages—of greater moment than the mere pleasurable recreation. It must produce a specific and salutary effect upon the science of boat building and ultimately upon the skill of our ship-carpenters. Nor is this so trifling a consideration as it may at first seem. Our Boat Clubs will inevitably lead to other associations for aquatic amusements, and especially Yachting. Already do we see one or two of these most beautiful of vessels upon our waters.—It is not a week since that we stood upon the Battery and watched for a long while the movements of one literally *darting* about the bay with all the fleetness and grace of a thing born upon the deep. It was one of the most beautiful sights imaginable. Now it need not be urged how valuable to a commercial people like ours, is any amusement which tends so directly to elicit skill and science in ship building. The example of England is before us, where *Yachting* is encouraged as of great national importance to the commercial interests of the country.

But without going so far as this, we desire ardently to see our Boat Club Association fostered, if for this reason only; they furnish a healthful and manly recreation to the young men of our city. It is eminently distinguished from those pleasures most sought after in a town like New York, by its tendency to give strength and vigor to the frame and promote cheerfulness and good spirits. We will not stop to dilate upon this point—various weighty moral considerations must suggest themselves to any one who will reflect a moment on the subject, and who is acquainted with the usual course of life of the young men of the city. The utility of the present Association commends it to the *interests* of the merchants, as the character of its members must do to their *respect*.

Let then the merchants manifest their regard for this amusement by subscribing liberally for the purpose of giving a cup, to be rowed for by the Clubs at their next Regatta. Let it be costly and beautiful and emulation will be excited and new Clubs will start into existence. Let the Boat Clubs of other cities be allowed, nay, *invited* to join in the Regatta and contend for the honorable prize.—This, more than any thing would enkindle enthusiasm among the members, and give additional interest and respectability to the amusement. We are persuaded that a vigorous effort to this end, made by some of the members of the association would result as we have anticipated. The plan is at least worth the trial and must draw the attention of those most interested,—the merchants—to the character and advantages of Boat Clubs.

NIMROD.

We are aware that many of the readers of the Spirit of the Times can take but little interest in the elegant productions of this writer's pen, not only for the want of a familiar knowledge of the subject matter on which he discourses so eloquently, but also for want of knowledge of the topography of the countries where his scenes are laid; the localities of places, the names, characters and habits of individuals described, together with their horses and hounds. But it argues an indubitable want of taste not to admire the easy flow and classical elegance of his style, even in those who have no sympathies for the horse or the hound, and no relish for the healthy and invigorating sports of the field. During the long vacation between the Spring and Fall races of our own country, we have the more leisure and space in the sporting department of our paper to make copious selections from foreign publications on these subjects; and although all may not enjoy these articles equally, or place any value whatever upon them, yet we think they abound in instruction, and convey information of the first importance to the breeder and practical turfman.

We learn, through this writer, the unbounded passion of the English people for the sports of the chace, pervading all classes from the prince to the peasant, especially enjoyed and encouraged by the yeomen of the country, the substantial farmers and cultivators of the soil, whose fields become trespassed upon, fences broken, and crops trodden down by the hundreds of horsemen and hounds in full pursuit. To the gratification of this passion millions are annually expended from the overflowing purses of the aristocracy of the country and distributed principally among the breeders and farmers, in the purchase of hunters and the productions of their farms for the support of these extensive hunting establishments. The Duke of Buccleuch, in a speech to a large party, principally farmers, told them their grass and grain would be all the better for being ridden over, which they very well understood, though not in its literal sense, and readily assented to. It is this fondness of the sport, and the ambition to excel, which enables breeders to get high prices for hunters; not only that, but a true sportsman is ever alive to the condition of his hunters, as much so as the professed turfman is to the condition of his racers: no expense is spared in their keep, their grooming and preparation for the season; every expedient is resorted to, to enable a horse to perform satisfactorily, and the wonderful capabilities of that noble animal are thus practically developed. This scientific treatment for one arduous duty is equally applicable to all others, and the condition of the entire race becomes ameliorated and improved by the same process. Thus, the hunter derives information from the turfman, and the stage coach proprietor profits by the experience of the sportsman and so on, in the descending scale, to the common cart horse.

Now, the secret spring of all the improvements in the breed of horses may be traced to the sports of the turf. There, the choicest specimens of this wonderful living machine are exhibited in their best form and under the most incontestible test. Their public performance on the Course stamps their value, and gives assurance of their pure descent from a thorough racing stock. In that strain the farmer and breeder can confidently rely for the improvement of his breed. Without a plentiful flow of this rich, pure and generous blood, the sports of the turf and of the chace would dwindle into insignificance, and the whole breed of horses become so degenerate they would scarcely be worth the grain which they consume. Of this the breeder should be reminded and encouraged to improve his stock to the utmost, not only for the turf and the sports of the field, but for all the valuable services in which this noble animal is employed. Racing associations must be supported and encouraged by all classes of community, as the starting point from which all improvement springs. They should however be reformed in some important particulars, and placed under the control of honorable, high-minded gentlemen, who have the good of the cause at heart, and then those exciting exhibitions will become what they were professedly intended for, viz.; the test of superiority as exhibited and proved by public performance. *

Capt. Samuel S. Parker's new company of *Union Riflemen* is one of the most beautiful and best appointed military corps in the country. Its appearance on the 4th inst. excited universal attention. The ladies were not only delighted with the name of the company, but with the gay and dashing young fellows composing it, and shot towards them such killing glances that if their hearts are not impenetrable targets, the ranks of the *Union* Riflemen will very shortly be doubled. Speaking of targets, the officers have politely loaned us one recently made by the corps, which is now in our office. It excels any one we ever examined. There are eighty-five shots in the Company's target, with seven in the bull's eye, at fifty yards off hand. The target is round and seventeen inches in diameter. The Officers target is eight inches in diameter, and at the same distance off hand, there were seven shots in the bull's eye, while the remaining five are neither of them an inch from it. Will the Southern or Western Rifle Companies or Clubs, send us an equally fine target made by as many different members of a single association?

It is an extraordinary fact that advices, dated the latter end of December in London, have been answered from Calcutta, not five months having elapsed between the despatch of the letters and receiving the answer.

FROM OUR LIVERPOOL CORRESPONDENT.

Liverpool, June 1, 1836.

There is a time for all things—a time to *bet*, and a time to *settle*. The bets on psom races came off, at Tattersall's, to be settled yesterday week. I will not ay that there was wailing or weeping, but there certainly was gnashing of eeth. Why? only because some people made heavy bets and turned out to be *levanters*. Pardon the unavoidable pun—they were modest folks, and were not inclined to meet their *betters* on even terms.

"Settling day for the Derby at Epsom," has indeed been a *settler* to some of the swell kiddies of the turf. One person has "made himself scarce" with accounts booked against him to the tune of *l*10,000. Another has marched away, leaving bets to the amount of *l*5000: these are of the "swell mob" of the turf: it is said that they will eventually turn out to be trumps—perhaps on the same day that you find your rose bushes bearing a plentiful crop of hickory nuts. Not before, "I guess."

There is a third defaulter who, I think, will "fork out the brass," whenever he can. He has bolted off to Paris, and 'tis to be hoped that "villainous company" at Frescati's, will not be "the ruin" of his good intentions. Doctor Johnson, who has the misfortune to be no favorite with that Solon in petticoats—"my daughter Fanny"—tells us, you know, that "Hell is paved with good intentions."

The balance owing by these three defaulters amount to something over *twenty thousand pounds sterling*. "Think of *that*, Muster Brooke!" Add to this the amount of the honorable Berkeley Craven's losses—to the tune of nearly *ten thousand pounds*. This, we are told, is to be paid by a subscription among his friends, (the Earl of Craven, Earl of Sefton, and honorable Keppel Craven;) but other parties deny that any such intention is entertained. Here then is an *actual* deficit of *l*20,000, and a *most probable* one of *l*30,000, upon the "settling for the Derby at Epsom." The result was, that many who entered Tattersall's, as nominal winners, left it actual losers; they had met their engagements, but their debtors had *not*.

The chief betting was, as usual, *against* the favorite. But Lord Jersey's desire is that the favorite should win, if he *could*. A novel desire, (speaking as to the noble art of "making a book" for bets,) on the part of an owner of horse flesh. So, Bay Middleton won the Derby, and the Yokels found themselves in *queer lane!* Those who confined themselves to merely backing the favorite, made well. Those who were intent on "making a book" lost considerably. The result was the exact contrary of last year: the north country horses, in 1835, were the winners, backed by the north country people, (from Lancashire and Yorkshire,) and the south country or Newmarket folks were out of pocket. But what was won last year by Mundig and the Queen of Trumps, has been lost this year, by Bay Middleton. Consequently, Newmarket is "lord of the ascendant." It may be noticed that men of the south are the principal winners; they are the friends of Lord Jersey, who knew that his horse would win *if it were in him*.

Manchester meeting commenced this day week. The running was generally very good, but the extreme heat of the weather was against horses and attendance. The race for the cup was indifferent—and the favorite did not win—did not start.

Ascot races commenced yesterday. The betting for the Cup is

5 to 4 on Sheet-Anchor (tak.)
6 to 4 agst Touchstone
4 to 1 agst Rockingham
6 to 1 agst Ainderby (10 tak.)
15 to 1 agst Lucifer (tak.)
15 to 1 agst Valentissimo-

At Manchester, the betting for the Doncaster St. Leger is

11 to 1 agst Elis (taken)
9 to 1 agst Black Diamond
7 to 1 agst Trapball (t.)
13 to 1 agst Vulture (taken)
16 to 1 agst Bee's-wing
18 to 1 agst Redshanks.

At Tattersall's the bets on the St. Leger are

10 to 1 was laid agst each of the following six in one bet: Elis, Black Diamond, Trapball, Wedge, Redshank, and Gladiator.

4 to 1 against Gladiator and Trap-ball (taken).

Gladiator and Elis at about 8 to 1 each, but nothing done outright.—Offers to take 12 to 1 about Wedge.

On the Derby for 1837, the betting has commenced.—Lord Jersey's bro. to Bay Middleton is first favorite.

At Manchester, the betting for the Liverpool July Cup, run thus:

5 to 2 agst Gen. Chasse (taken)
6 to 1 agst Inheritor (taken)
10 to 1 agst Mundig
14 to 1 agst Zebetta
20 to 1 agst Birdlime
20 to 1 agst Tanworth.

Trotting Races are about being commenced at Newton, near Liverpool. The match is a Sweepstake of 10 sovs each, h. ft. with 100 sovs added, to be trotted for over Newton race course, (Lancashire) on Saturday, the 11th of June, by horses, &c. carrying 12st. each. Heats, two miles.

Bell's Life publishes a portrait of Bay Middleton—very like a whale. It has been a lucky horse for Lord Jersey, as, this year, he has won the Riddlesworth, the Bruton St. Stakes, and the 2000 guineas stakes, at Newmarket, and the Derby at Epsom:—total amount of stakes £7,825 net! If he run fair, or rather be rode fair, he will have a strong chance for the Doncaster St. Leger.

Very little money is ventured on the Ascot cup, to be run for to-morrow. People are afraid of such a bite as the settlement of the Derby.

We shall have nothing but mere country races, until the next Newmarket meeting which commences July 12. Liverpool meeting commences July 19.

Ruthven, the blackleg M. P. has been going the *duello*. A Captain in the army met him, and exchanged shots with him; the Captain's second gave saucy words to Ruthven, who challenged him on the field, and lodged a bullet in his thigh. Still, *this* will not whitewash Ruthven.

An awful fight between two "light weight" blackguards, named W. Edwards and Sam Rutter, (both Lancashire men) came on last Monday week for 50*l*.. They fought near Manchester—had 124 rounds—battle lasted 2 hours 26 minutes, and Edwards was defeated. Both men were very much "punished."

THE DERBY AND OAKS.

The settling for these races took place on Tuesday at Tattersall's, and, as is almost invariably the case when the favorite wins, was a very unsatisfactory one. Independent of the anxieties inseparable from the arrangement of so many large and complicated accounts, it derived a painful interest from the death of the Hon. Berkeley Craven, whose deficiencies amount to nearly *l*8,000; they are divided amongst several parties, one nobleman winning *l*1,700 of him; having, unfortunately, hedged all the money with other parties; another nearly *l*2,000, and two or three others *l*1,500 or *l*1,600 each. It is reported that Earl Sefton, Lord Craven, and the Hon. Keppel Craven, intend to remove the stain from his memory by making good his engagements. Three other parties, betting men, were hit so hard, that they are unable, at present, to make any arrangements for the settlement of their accounts; and one gentleman (Mr. C.,) who bit his name into two or three noble lords on the last Doncaster St. Leger, found it advisable to take another trip to Paris, but not before he had enabled the Jew money-lender in the Haymarket to exclaim, with Dogberry, "Now, write me down an ass."—The absence of so many parties, or, rather, of their money (nearly *l*20,000,) materially impeded the settlement, insomuch that many speculators who were considerable winners by the race, left the yard out of pocket. The result of the Derby was fortunate for the Newmarket people, who suffered terribly last year by Mundig and the Queen of Trumps. The losers form a very numerous class: York, Manchester, and Liverpool, and nearly all the betting men, are on the wrong side, their losses being aggravated by the absentees. The winners are, with two or three exceptions, confined to the higher ranks; but as so little has been done towards the completion of the settling, we abstain from giving either names or amounts.

Bell's Life in London, May 29.

Pigeon Shooting.—A splendid cup was shot for at the Red House Inclosure, Battersea-fields, on Thursday last. There were twenty-five competitors; seven birds each. The shooting was excellent, and the cup won by Mr. Bromley, who killed all his birds. The ground was well attended. A match will shortly come off, for *l*500 aside, between two gentlemen of celebrity; it will be a four days' match, and creates much interest.

Rifle Shooting.—Mr. Crabstick is quite ready to shoot with Mr. Singtree, their last match over again, on the same terms, and on the earliest convenient day. Mr. C.'s portion of the stakes is already in the hands of the gentleman who was kind enough to hold them on the former occasion, and Mr. Singtree is requested to do the same. Mr. Singtree having signified his intention to decline this match, on the ground of fifty shots being too many for one individual to fire, his old friend, S. Crabstick, is willing to obviate this difficulty, by allowing Mr. S. to choose an assistant to fire a part of his number for him.

LATEST STATE OF THE ODDS—May 29.

The betting on the Ascot Cup possesses little interest, the settling for Derby and Oaks having materialy checked speculation. The only horse backed with any thing like spirit is Sheet Anchor, whose running, on paper, appears quite good enough to win—Touchstone having beaten Hornsea for the Doncaster Cup by a head, while Sheet Anchor defeated him by four lengths for the Portland Handicap; the former, however, was a strong un race, and the latter a slow one. So many parties are anxious to bet against Touchstone, that it would seem doubtful whether he will show. Rockingham, at 4 to 1, is very short of friends; little or nothing done about the others. The St. Leger betting promises to be exceedingly interesting, four or five horses being quoted as low as 10 to 1, with Redshank, Elizabeth, Bees-wing, Vulture, and Wallace, in the field. The following were the prices on Thursday:—

THE ASCOT CUP, P. P. (Thursday next.)

5 to 4 on Mr. Cook's Sheet Anchor (taken)
6 to 4 agst Lord Westminster's Touchstone (offered)
4 to 1 —— Mr. Theobald's Rockingham (offered)
6 to 1 —— Capt. Williamson's Ainderby (taken 10 to 1)
15 to 1 —— Mr. Robertson's Lucifer (taken)
15 to 1 —— Sir G. Heathcote's Valentissimo (taken)
2 to 1 offered on two agst the field, and 6 to 1 on three.

DONCASTER ST. LEGER.

The following six were backed at 11 to 1 each in one bet:—Lord Wilton's Gladiator, Colonel Westenra's Wedge, Lord Lichfield's Elis, Mr. Blakelock's Black Diamond, Mr. Bird's Redshank, and Mr. Mostyn's Trapball. 4 to 1 agst Gladiator and Trapball (taken.) Elis and Gladiator are quoted at 8 to 1 each, Trapball at 10 ts 1, but nothing definite done about them. Offers to take 12 to 1 about Wedge.

THE DERBY—1837.

Several thousands have been laid even at the Club Houses between eighteen and the field, and Brother to Mouche has been backed to a considerable amount at 30 and 35 to 1. Lord Jersey's Brother to Bay Middleton is first favorite.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

Monday was a grand day at Tattersall's for the sale of hunters, and, from the prices they fetched, it would appear that hunting is maintaining its ground.—Mr. Musters, Sir Hussey Vivian, and Mr. Thornhill, had each of them a stud there which were much admired, but Mr. Thornhill's were the most sought after. The following is a list of the principal lots:—

	BOUGHT BY	GS.		BOUGHT BY	GS.
Red Rose	Lord Gardiner	210	Lady Jane	Lord Jersey	160
Shamrock	Sir F. Goodricke	350	Grimaldi	Lord Darlington	300
Fanny	Mr. M. Stanley	115	Gainsborough	Lord Alford	81
Creeper	Lord Lilford	220	Cressida	Lord Dorchester.	75
The Pony	Mr. Anderson	270	Golumpus	Mr. Worrall	77
Vampyre	Lord Douglas	170	Forester	Mr. Geo. Payne.	340
The Architect	Mr. Cosby	146			

A Sporting Affair.—We understand a meeting took place on Sunday morning, between an Irish Member of Parliament, whose name has been recently before the public in connection with certain transactions at the Turf Club, and Captain S——, of the — Regiment of Foot. The quarrel arose out of observations made by the latter gentleman on the conduct of the Hon. Member in the affair alluded to, and all attempts at accommodation having proved fruitless, the parties met, and, preliminaries being arranged, they fired, when Mr. R——'s ball struck the watch of his opponent, without effecting further injury. No second fire took place, but the friend of Captain S—— having repeated the offensive expressions, personal chastisement was immediately inflicted upon him by the insulted legislator. Without much parley the second took the place of principal—the pistols were again loaded, and at the first fire Mr. R——'s ball took effect in his opponent's hip, but happily without any fatal consequences. The affair thus terminated, and the gentlemen left the ground without any explanation.

London Morning Paper.

GREAT PEDESTRIAN FEAT.

The veteran Townsend accomplished on Tuesday, his two great pedestrian undertakings, in the presence of an immense concourse of persons, at Lower Tooting, Surrey. He had been backed to do ten miles walking in two hours, six of the distance to be walked backwards, and four miles forwards. Betting was two and three to one on time. He started at two o'clock in the afternoon. He accomplished the walking forwards two minutes under the given time, and then went off to finish the undertaking by walking backwards, which he accomplished nine minutes under the following hour, thus winning in all by eleven minutes. The second performance, if possible, exceeded the first, the terms being to pick up forty stones with his mouth, each a yard apart, walk a mile, run a mile, walk backward a mile, drive a wheelbarrow a mile, and trundle a hoop a mile, within an hour, which he accomplished two minutes under the given time. He started at four o'clock, and picked up his stones, depositing them in a basket, in nine minutes; he walked his mile in twelve minutes; ran his mile in seven minutes; walked backward in thirteen minutes; drove the barrow in eight and a half minutes; and trundled the hoop a mile in nine minutes—thus winning this, the second feat, by one minute and a half. The veteran did not appear fatigued, and offered, for *l*100, to walk 100 miles in twenty-four hours, against any man in England.

Panic among the Thimble-riggers.—Sir Frederick Roe has given positive instructions to the officers who are appointed to be present at Ascot Heath during the races next week, not to suffer a single "thimble table" to be used, and to take all persons into custody found practising this fraudulent game, either as principals or promoters. All the money found upon these persons is to be seized, and disbursed for the expenses of their support while in prison. Last races one of these men, who was apprehended, had thirteen sovereigns in his "cly," which, to his infinite annoyance, was appropriated to pay the expenses of conveying him and his companions to the county gaol, and to their joint support afterwards.

A Trip to Epsom Races.—After partaking of a hearty breakfast, fifteen youths started (not two hundred yards from the platform, Rotherhithe), in a caravan, under the protection of a driver, to view Derby Race, provided with the following provisions for their journey, all of which they consumed independent of gingerbread, sugar candy, lollipops, &c.:—boiled beef, 10lbs.; fillet of veal 15lbs.; a ham, 15lbs.; twenty-six lettuces, say 4lbs.; Cheshire cheese, 5lbs.; five 4lb. loaves of bread, 20lbs.; half and half, seventeen gallons, 136lbs.; spirits, two gallons, 16lbs.; water, two gallons, 16lbs.: total, 237lbs., which makes, including their protector, the small quantum of 14lbs. 13oz. per head each.

Sporting *vs.* Cupid.—Two matches are said to have gone off lately in consequence of the reluctance of the gentlemen to relinquish their field sports. In one the eldest son of a sporting Earl was sent to the right about, because he must needs go to see the Derby run for; and in the other, where a certain northern esquire was concerned, it is said the preliminaries were broken off because he stipulated to be allowed to keep a certain number of hunters.

We are glad to see, by an advertisement in another part of our paper, that trotting matches are about to be established at Newton, and we know from the parties concerned, that they will be conducted very respectably. This is desirable, because it will give encouragement to the breed of that useful horse, the roadster; and the stake being a good one, will bring the hacks far and near.

It is worthy of remark, that the two fillies, Cyprian and Destiny, the first and second in the Oaks, are both out of Filho da Puta, mares; and when we notice in the stud-book, comparatively speaking, so few mares of that celebrated stallion's getting, the produce of which can most of them run, we cannot but express our regret that so many should have been sent abroad.

Portrait of Glencoe.—Mr. Hancock's celebrated portrait of "Glencoe," sold for 2,000 guineas, and exported to America, has just been published at Ackerman's sporting gallery. It is an admirable likeness, and exhibits all the symmetry and spirit of the original.

Mr. Ackerman has also published an admirable lithographic portrait of George Baker, Esq., of Elmore Hall, Durham, taken in his 81st year, seated on his favorite mare, aged 30. The likeness of this venerable sportsman is admirably characteristic, and that of his mare not less true to nature.

Pedestrianism.—The second deposit, making *l*20 a-side, was made good on Wednesday last, for the mile race between Wylde, of Haywood, and Tonge, of Stalybridge. To be run over the Manchester course, on Wednesday, the 8th of June. Betting even.

A young man, aged 18, can be backed to walk 60 miles in twelve successive hours, and will be ready to stake at Mr. Robert's, Haymarket, on the 7th of June, at 10 o'clock in the evening. Odds will of course be expected.

Portrait of Bay Middleton.—Mr. Hancock is engaged on a portrait of Bay Middleton, with the permission of Lord Jersey, for whom the portrait has been taken.

Nonpareil.—Mr. W. H. Davis' portrait of Mr. Dixon's celebrated trotting mare, Nonpareil, we observe is nearly complete. We have seen the drawing, and can pronounce it to be an admirable likeness of horse, match-cart, and driver.

Portrait of Cyprian, the Winner of the Oaks.—Mr. F. C. Turner has just taken an admirable portrait of Cyprian, the winner of the Oaks.

Ascot races, which will commence on Tuesday, are expected to be more than usually brilliant. In addition to their Majesties and numerous suites, most of the distinguished foreigners now in town, with their respective suites, are expected to honor the race course with their presence.

Bell's Life, May 29.

Harley has accepted, on most liberal terms, a three years engagement at Braham's Theatre; and Farren, it is said, has transferred his talents from Drury-lane to the Olympic Theatre, to replace Liston, who, it is expected, will altogether retire from the stage.

Unparalelled Trotting in Double Harness.

Mr Elliott drove his pair of matched horses, (formerly Mr. Platt's) over the Hunting Park Course, Philadelphia, on the 1st inst, in double harness, a single mile, in the astonishing time of *three minutes*. The course is six feet over a mile, on the inside. They were timed by seven different watches. What makes the feat more surprising is the fact that the distance was performed the first trial, by untrained horses in a common road wagon. Mr. Elliott is open to trot a match $2000 to $3000 that he does a mile with the same pair of horses, carrying the same weight, in three seconds less time, the first trial.

The English Turf.—A foreign correspondent writes, "It is worthy remark that both the Derby and Oaks were won by the first favorite—a circumstance almost without parallel.

It is a remarkable fact that all the favorites for the Derby after the crack were got by Partisan. Three of them, Gladiator, Venison, and Alfred, ran second, third, and fourth; and it is supposed that had Gladiator been allowed a fair start, he would have won the Derby. The winner of the Oaks is also a Partisan. We understand that Mr. Tattersall has purchased Glaucus. The whole of his last year's stock, 26 in number, were purchased by Mr. Bond. They are the most promising lot in Newmarket."

North Carolina, June 30th, 1836.

Mr. Editor,—I saw it stated in one of your late "Spirit of the Times," that "*Andrew*," then the property of W. R. Johnson, Esq. ran at Norfolk a second heat of 4 miles in 7 s. 40 m. This is an error, but I know it did not originate with you, for I have seen the same elsewhere in print more than once, and do not now recollect ever to have seen it corrected. It is as foreign from my wish to detract any thing from the fame of Andrew as it would be from that of any other horse, and his owner I have always entertained a high regard for.

But to the point: I was present when the race as above was run, and *in* the judges' stand the whole time. He *did* by one gentleman's watch, perform it in that time, but by two others, and experienced timers, the time was longer, and my impression is, that *they* made it 7 46.

But what *partieularly* ought to have been stated, is, that the course was at that time 32 yards *short* of a mile, and was not made the full mile until the next meeting, the subsequent fall. Multiply 32 by 4 makes 128 yards, equal, I believ , to about 5 seconds. Supposing the other two gentlemen who noted the time to be correct, and adding 5 seconds, would give 7 51, which I am inclined to think would be nearer the truth. Nevertheless, Andrew was a first rate race horse, and his style of going was beautiful.

STANGAN.

PITTSBURG FALL RACES.

It would appear from an advertisement in to-day's paper, that the fall meeting in September, of the Pittsburg Jockey Club Association, will be a very spirited and pleasant affair. There are more well bred horses in this county at this time than at any previous period within our recollection, and the owners of nearly all that can be trained, are disposed to give the speed and bottom of their nags a trial. Mr. Parker, Mr. Wilkins, (our Minister to Russia,) Messrs Simpson & Addison, Mr. Leggett, Mr. Gallagher and several other gentlemen have well bred horses that probably will all be put into training immediately.—In addition to these, Mr. Wilkins has also an imported colt (Envoy) which he recently purchased in England and sent to New York, where he ran a very pretty colt's race in May last. This promising young horse will be here in a few days and placed in training. His blood is pure as the mountain Barb or Arab in his native pride of freedom—for his sire is the renowned Memnon, and his dam the graceful, lighthearted and agile Zingaree, both of the best character on the English turf. Notwithstanding all this however, we would not much mind, if we were in a betting humor, to run the risk of staking a turnip against a leg of mutton, that our friend, Mr. Wilkins has a colt, four years old, which was foaled on his farm in this county, that will lead the adventurous and presuming British Envoy a pretty chase for four miles in any trial race they may make. This colt glories in the name of Sandusky, and we opine that he will prove himself a hero, when the occasion requires it. There are other colts forebye these, that will, it is said, be able if put to it, to outrun a streak of lightning. Who knows but after all, there are some Post Boys, Bascombs, Mingoes, Cippuses, &c. among the horse flesh of Alleghany county? We shall see—what we shall see!

American Maunfacturer.

A Bit of a Mistake.—On Tuesday week, a traveller arrived at one of the commercal inns at Ledbury, mounted on a regular Rosinante, a bare-boned animal," lopped, cropped, wind-galled, spavined, quittored, and blind" of one eye; several persons at the inn smiled when he alighted, but our traveller, nothing abashed, entered the house. He ordered a feed for his horse, and refreshment for himself, and said he had ridden very hard having come from Gloucester in little more than an hour glances of incredulity were exchanged by the whole of the persons present, and one among them expressed a doubt of the possibility of such a nag doing the distance in double the time. The traveller, a warm hearted son of Erin, was not very well pleased at his veracity being thus questioned, and offered to back his animal to go the next day sixteen miles within an hour. A wager to a considerable amount was subsequently made to that effect, and the match came off on Wednesday se' n night, betting being two and three to one against Barebones. The place of trial was four miles on the Hereford road, twice and back. To the great surprise of many, the first eight miles were done in thirty-one minutes. The odds now rose upon time, but the knowing ones were duped, as the splendid old hunter, for such it proved to be, improved every mile, and eventually accomplished the distance (sixteen miles) in fifty-seven minutes.

Dinner Anecdote.—The capabilities of a boiled edgebone of beef, may be estimated from what happened to Pope the actor, well known for his devotion to the culinary art. He received an invitation to dinner, accompanied by an apology for the simplicity of the intended fare—a small turbot and a boiled edgebone of beef. "The very things of all others that I like," exclaimed Pope; "I will come with the greatest pleasure;" and come he did, and eat he did, till he could literally eat no longer: when the word was given, and a haunch of venison was brought in, fit to be made the subject of a new poetical epistle.

——————"For finer or fatter,
Never ranged in a forest, or smoked on a platter;
The haunch was a picture for painters to study,
The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy."

Poor Pope divined at a glance the nature of the trap that had been laid for him, but he was fairly caught, and after a puny effort at trifling with a slice of fat, he laid down his knife and fork, and gave way to an hysterical burst of tears, exclaiming, "A friend of twenty years' standing, and to be served in this manner."

Quarterly Review.

A Distinguished Cargo.—The turtle are usually collected in two large ponds or crawls, and the only precaution adopted to ensure their living and flourishing for the shambles, is the occasional change of water with the tide. In quality, the turtle of Ascension Island, when scientifically served up, is esteemed of high undoubted merit; but it is generally too large to reach England. On my return from my first visit to the island, the commandant freighted the transport with sixty of the finest flappers that the season had produced. They were destined for some of the most distinguished individuals in England; and the largest and finest were set apart for his late majesty, with instructions, that if but one survived, it should be considered as so appropriated—the commandant acting, as nearly as possible, upon the principle that the king never dies. And the precaution was by no means unnecessary, as in fact only one did survive. To prevent intrigues in favor of particular patrons and friends, each turtle was marked on his fair white belly-shell, with the name of the owner; and the sailor in charge of the party duly reported each morning their state and condition, as thus.—"Please your honor, the Duke of Wellington died last night;" or, "I don't like the looks of Lord Melville this morning, sir." Then followed certain interesting questions—"How is the Lord Chancellor?" "Why, he looks pretty lively, sir;" and so forth.

Journal of the Royal Geographical Society.

Bonaparts and his Cat.—"After the battle of Wagram," said my friend, "which decided the fate of the Austrian Empire, Napoleon established his headquarters at Schonbrun. It so happened, that I was on duty in the palace about midnight, and while passing the apartment of the Emperor, I heard a noise, appearing as if he was in the act of repelling an attack, which caused me to fly to his assistance. In doing so, I was accompanied by another officer and the Mameluke, when a most ridiculous scene presented itself. The greatest warrior of Europe was engaged, sword in hand, in mortal combat, charging, not an assassin, but—must I say it—a cat! Upon seeing how contemptible an enemy we had to subdue, we could not forbear smiling; and the emperor after a hearty laugh, good-naturedly related to us the origin of his dislike to the little tyrant of rats and mice. 'When I was very young,' said he, 'I took great pleasure in hunting cats and dogs; and when I saw them flying from my doughty strokes, I fancied myself already a Cæsar. One of my sisters had a pet Angola cat, to whom I had become an object of great dislike, from the incessant war I waged against it. Having one day found it alone in a room, I commenced my attack as usual, whip in hand: the little tiger, frantic with rage, flew at my head, tore and bit me in such a manner, that the marks remain to this day. My cries soon brought assistance, but so deep was the impression stamped upon my young mind, that I verily believe, at this moment, I should prefer attacking a lion to a cat."

Sketches of Germany.

TATTERSALLS'S;

Or, a Glance at the Setling Day after the Derby Race.

FEL;X QUI NIHIL DEBET.

Amidst VARIETY'S great range,
In LONDON'S splendid mart—
Take a peep at that "Gay Exchange,"
Where sportsmen play *their* part?
All thorough-bred! such *chaffing* pals:
With HIGH, *Low*, JACK, and GAME,
Sure to meet with at TATTERSALL'S,
So old in sporting fame!
For dashing Cab,
With Natty lad,
Out-and-out *Prad*,
Going—going—going—the last time—

"Gentlemen, what can you hesitate about, only look at her! she is one of the most beautiful creatures that I ever had the honor of submitting to your notice! So gentle in her paces; indeed, so safe a goer, that a child might ride her. Her pedigree is excellent—she is thorough-bred from her ear to her hoof; and the Herald's College could not produce a more sound and satisfactory one—she comes from a good house, I pledge, my word, gentlemen. My lord Duke, you will allow me to say 250*l.* for your Grace? She will, notwithstanding the excellence of your Grace's stud, be an ornament to it. She is a picture—complete to a shade; in fact, I could gaze upon her forever, and always be struck with some new beauty she possesses. Thank you, my Lord Duke, I was certain your Grace would not let such an opportunity pass. There is not a horse dealer in the kingdom who can show such a fine creature! She is above competition—I may say, she is matchless! The Regent's Park might be betted to a mole-hill with safety that she has no paragon. Sir Henry, let me call your attention to CLEOPATRA! She is like her namesake in the olden times—but beautiful without paint! She is pure Nature, and no vice! Her action, Sir Harry—yes, her action—I could dilate upon it for a quarter of an hour—but *puffing* is out of the question—you shall judge for yourself. Run her down, John—The Graces, I am sure, *Sir Harry*, were they to behold her movements, would be out of temper with her captivating excellence! *Taglioni*, I must admit, can perform wonders with her pretty feet; but *Cleopatra*, my Lord Duke, can *distance* the whole of them put together; and positively leave the Opera House with all its talent, in the back ground. In fact, I am deficient in words to display her immense capabilitiee.—300*l. Going!—Going!* 310*l.* Thank you, my Lord Duke, she must be yours. For the last time, going at 310*l.*; but I will do the handsome thing, I will allow you five minutes to compose your mind—I am well aware that such unparalleled beauty is very dazzling—therefore, before you lose sight of this handsome creature, I do impress upon you, to remember that the opportunity once lost—320.; Sir Harry, I am obliged to you—the world has always acknowledged you as a man of great taste in matters of this kind; and, without flattery, you have never shown it more than in the present instance—according to the poet, "Beauty unadorned, is adorned the most!" *Going*—CLEOPATRA, my Lord Duke, will be in other hands if your Grace does not make up your mind in your usual princely style of doing things—a good bidding will make CLEOPATRA your own forever, therefore, now's the time to put on the *distancing* power, and your Grace will win the race in a canter! 340*l.* My Lord Duke I can only express my gratitude to say, that you have done me honor—*Going!—going*—in fact, gentlemen, I am like an artist in this case, I do not like to leave such a delightful picture, and I could *dwell* upon the qualities of CLEOPATRA to the echo that applauds again—but most certainly I have given you all a fair chance—CLEOPATRA is on the *go*—are you all silent—*going* for 340*l.* after all, what is that sum for one of the greatest English beauties ever submitted to the inspection of the public! 350*l.*, thank you Sir Charles—worth your money at any price. I have witnessed your notice of CLEOPATRA for some time past—she will bear looking at, again and again! Charming CLEOPATRA! I am glad to see she has so many suitors to her *hand*—I beg pardon, gentlemen—a slip will happen to the best of us—her *feet*, I should have said, but nevertheless, I am happy to see she has a host of admirers. I cannot *bid* myself, or else I would "make play," and CLEOPATRA should become a noble prize, 370*l.* Bravo! my Lord Duke! 370*l.* positively, yes positively, 'pon my honor, positively the last time—or else the beautiful CLEOPATRA goes into the *keeping* of my Lord the Duke. You are sure, gentlemen, that you have all done? Don't blame me, don't blame yourselves! Going, *once!* Going, *twice*, Going, *three times!* [*The Auctioneer, after a long pause, and numerous flourishes with his hammer*, in hopes to obtain another bidding, but the cock would not fight,' exclaimed,] GONE!!! CLEOPATRA belongs to the Duke.

Then TATTERSALL'S the place,
For *pedigree* to trace,
One of the tip-top shows in London.

For the last fifty years, and upwards' the name of TATTERSALL, and his establishment, have stood eminently conspicuous in the sporting world; and, notwithstanding the opposition started at various times against it, yet naturally to be expected in an improving Metropolis, like London, where myriads of speculators and men of talent are always upon the look out, to have a "finger in the pie, of good things,' none of the 'new *concerns*' have been able to reduce its consequence, or lessen its character in the eyes of the public; but, on the contrary, it has increased rather than diminished both in point of business and attraction. There is no establishment that we can remember, and also from the best information we have acquired upon the subject, that has kept its ground so firmly, in every point of view as—TATTERSALL's; therefore we are induced to quote from ourselves—"*Life in London*, 1821;" and have no reason to alter our opinion:—

"This scene is so very familiar to a certain part of the public, and can also be identified at any period, that it scarcely requires a comment. But to a great portion of society in the Metropolis, who are quite aloof from sporting transactions, a short account of this most celebrated repository may prove not altogether unacceptable.

"Jerry expressed himself so much pleased with his visit to TATTERSALL's, that he observed to Logic, during his stay in London he should often frequent it. "I delight," said HAWTHORN, "to be in the company of sportsman; and no objects afford me greater satisfaction than the sight of a fine hunter,—the view of a high-mettled racer,—and the look of a *perfect* greyhound," "I admire them also," replied the Corinthian; "and Tattersall's will always prove an agreeable lounge, if no direct purpose call a person thither. If nothing more than INFORMATION be acquired, that *alone*, Jerry, to a man of the world, is valuable at all times. Besides, Tattersall's gives a *tone* to the *sporting* world, in the same way that the transactions on the Royal Exchange influence the mercantile part of society. It has likewise its '*settling days*' after the great races at Newmarket, Doncaster, Epsom, Ascot, &c. I do not know about the *bulls* and *bears;* but if it has no *lame ducks* to *waddle* out, it has sometimes *Levanters* that will not *show* for a time, and others that will *brush off* altogether. But this does not happen very often; and Tattersall's has its '*good* MEN' as well as the '*Change*; and whose '*word*' will be taken for any amount. It has also its 'subscription room,' which is extremely convenient for gentlemen and other persons, who feel any inclination to become acquainted with the events of the sporting world, at the moderate charge of *one guinea* a year. Indeed," continued Tom, "there is an air of sporting about this place altogether; elegance, cleanliness, and style, being its prominent features. The company, I admit, is a *mixture* of persons of nearly all ranks in life; but, nevertheless, it is that sort of *mixture* which is pleasingly interesting; there is no *intimacy* or *association* about it. A man may be well known here; he may also in his turn *know* almost every body that visits Tattersall's; and yet be quite a *stranger* to the habits and connexions of society. It is no matter who *sells* or who purchases at this repository, A *bet* stands as good with a LEG, and is thought as much of, as with a *Peer*,—MONEY being the *touchstone* of the circumstance. The 'best judge' respecting sporting events is acknowledged the 'best man' here; every person being on the 'look out,' to see how he *lays* his *blunt*. The DUKE and the *Parliamentary Orator*, if they do not know the properties of a horse, are little more than cyphers; it is true, they may be *stared* at, if pointed out as great characters, but nothing more. The *nod* from a *stable keeper* is quite as important, if not more so, to the Auctioneer, as the *wink* of a RIGHT HONORABLE. Numbers of persons who visit TATTERSALL's, are or wish to appear *knowing;* from which '*self*' importance they are often most egregiously duped. In short, if you are not as familiar with the *odds* upon all events as CHITTY in quoting precedents—show as intimate an acquaintance with the *pedigree* and *speed* of race horses as a GULLEY—and also display as correct a knowledge of the various capabilities of the prize pugilists as Jackson:—if GAIN is your immediate object, you are '*of no use*' at TATTERSALL's." "Yes," says LOGIC, with a grin, interrupting TOM; "there are to be found here as many *flats* and *sharps* as would furnish the score of a musical composer; and several of these *instruments* have been so much played upon, and are so wretchedly out of *tune*, that the most skilful musician in the world cannot restore them *to harmony*." "It is," resumed the CORINTHIAN, "an excellent mart for the disposal of carriages, horses, dogs, &c, and many a fine fellow's *stud* has been *floored* by the hammer of TATTERSALL. There is a capacious TAP attached to the premises for the convenience of the servants of gentlemen in attendance upon their masters, or for any person who stands in need of refreshment. TATTERSALL's, for the purposes intended, is the most complete place in the Metropolis; and if you have any desire to witness 'real life'—to observe *character*, and to view the favorite *hobbies* of mankind, it is the resort of the *pinks* of the SWELLS—the *tulips* of the GOES,—the *dashing* heroes of the military—the fox-hunting clericals—sprigs of nobility—stylish coachmen—smart guards—saucy butchers—natty grooms—tidy helpers—knowing horse-dealers—*betting* publicans—neat jockeys—sporting men of all descriptions—and the picture is finished by numbers of real gentlemen. It is the tip-top sporting feature in London." "It must have been the work of some time," said JERRY, "to have formed such a famous connexion." "Yes," replied Tom; "you are quite right. It is not the *work* of a day. The name of TATTERSALL is not only high, but of long standing in the sporting world; and every thing connected with this splendid establishment is conducted in the most gentlemanly manner. The founder of these premises was, during his time, viewed as one of the best judges of horse-flesh in the kingdom; and, as a proof of it, he made his fortune by a horse called HIGHFLYER."

There liv'd as fame reports. in days of yore,
At least, some fifty years ago, or more,
At Hyde Park Corner, great in fame,
For selling horses, carriages, and hounds,
And quickly turning *Shillings* into POUNDS,
The *Sporting* "TATTERSALL"—his name!

When Mr. Tattersall commenced business as an auctioneer in the horse-line and carriage department, the times were more propitious towards forming a 'good connexion' and realizing a fortune as a reward for industry and past services than at the present period—indeed, the country was in a far different state altogether, but even then JOHN BULL never lost sight of an inch of his native privilege—liberty, perhaps, might be a more appropriate phrase, "to grumble, and growl at every thing like a bear with a sore head." But no matter—the founder of the above establishment possessed an active mind, with an eye towards the main chance—and made himself master of a tolerable good *knack* in describing the properties of a horse, or the qualities of a greyhound, &c.. without being obliged to prove himself a competent judge of either of them—(the act of parliament for an auctioneer requiring no such qualifications from the man who knocked *down* every thing with his hammer,) but more like many persons who have certain duties to perform in the pulpit (yet with due deference and respect to the cloth be it spoken,) purchase MS. sermons, and pass off before their congregations as men of talent—so may an actioneer proceed in his calling by *rote*, and with a little self-preparation, something after the manner of a rehearsal, he may ascend the rostrum and descant upon the various articles committed to his charge, with all the ability of a *Crichton.* The above allusions may, or may not, apply to the late Mr. Tattersall; but it was notorious that he had been a most prosperous man in business; indeed, good luck had been his constant companion in most of his speculations; and almost every thing that he touched, in a business-like point of view, had turned to *gold*.

The following EPITAPH may form something ilke a *clue* to the riches of the late Mr. TATTERSALL:—

HERE LIETH
The perfect and beautiful symmetry
Of the much lamented
HIGHFLYER;
By whom, and his wonderful offspring,
The celebrated TATTERSALL acquired a noble fortune,
But was not ashamed to acknowledge it.
In gratitude to this famous
STALLION,
He call'd an elegant mansion he built
HIGHFLYER HALL.
At the extensive demesnes
It is not unusual for some of the
Highest characters
To regale sumptuously,
When they do the owner the honor
Of accepting his hospitality.
A gentleman of the Turf,
Tho' he has no produce from the above
STALLION,
Begs leave to pay this small tribute
To his memory

Here lies the *third* of the Newmarket race,
That ne'er was conquered on the Olympic plain:
Herod, his sire, who but to few gave place,
Rachel his dam—his blood without a stain.

By his prolific deeds was built a court,
Near where proud Ely's turrets rise:
To this fam'd sultan would all ranks resort,
To stir him up to an am'rous enterprise.

To these three patriarchs the Turf shall owe
The long existence of of superior breed:
That blood in endless *progeny* shall flow,
To give the *lion's* strength and *roebuck's* speed.

It appears, that some intimate friend of Mr. Tattereall had suggested to him, as a good *speculation*, the great advantage that would accrue to him if he possessed a NEWSPAPER; more especially, as he had occasion to advertise daily the sale of horses; and it was not a very difficult matter to prove to him (his mind being always open to every channel whereby property might be acquired) that in this way he could gain some hundreds a-year by advertisements, independent of the importance it would give him in society. It is, however, true, that his friends dissuaded him, and often repeated, "*Ne sutor ultra Crepidam.*" "I am quite aware of. your objection," replied Mr. Tattersall, "but I know no more about horses than I do of newspapers; and I have done well with the one; therefore, the *chance* is equal that I shall do well with the other; nay, I think the ODDS are in my favor." However strange it might appear to some persons in the world, that a 'dealer of horses should suddenly become a '*dealer* in LITERATURE,' and that the *stride* was immense from the one sort of traffic to the other, and the *contrast* of character equally out of place; there are persons to be met with in society who entertain an opinion, that in skilful hands, men are more easily *managed* than horses! But surely, as the facetious George Colman has observed in his Newcastle Apothecary,—

Benjamin Bolus, though in *trade*,
(Which oftentimes will GENIUS fetter;)
Read works of fancy, it is said:
And cultivated the Belles Lettres.

And why should this be thought so odd!
Can't men have taste who cure a phthisic?
Of Poetry though patron God,
Apollo patronizes physic.

And why, it might be asked sbould not Mr. Tattersall have a taste for Literature as well as possessing judgment in cattle?

To describe a horse or pet dog,
And praise the limbs so taper;
'Tis but to give MEM'RY a jog—
And "*cut*" for the newspaper.

But in spite of all the objections urged against Mr. Tattersall becoming the proprietor of a newspaper, he entered into the proposed scheme with the utmost composure and confidence; perhaps under the impression of the old adage, "that nothing venture, nothing win." The change of scene which the above connection produced in the affairs of Mr. Tattersall was not at all unpleasant to his feelings; for if he had to combat the opinions of horse-dealers, grooms, and sporting folks respecting turf matters in the morning; the *polished* conversation he experienced in the evening with literary characters, artists, and men of talent respecting the affairs of the country, made ample amends for it.

If Mr. Tattersall could not have written articles on the state of politics like the late Mr. Perry of the Morning Chronicle, his great intercourse with the 'numerous characters of his day might have taught him to dictate to an amanuensis a variety of attractive features for a daily Journal; and, if he did not likewise posses talent enough to take the lead in an argument like an orator, he might have shown himself a sharp *listener* on 'passing subjects,' so as to have proved himself a tolerably good Jack-all in the capacity of a caterer to the concern. The late Mr. Tattersall did, we have no doubt, furnish, very frequently, a column on the "*Sayings and Doings,*" which came under his immediate cognizance, and within the precincts of his own Repository—such as accounts of the young sprigs of nobility starting into life with new carriages, horses, &c., and also the "*break downs*' of some of the broken-winded members of fashion, whose high-bred studs were compelled to knock under to the hammer:—

Prime of Life to go it! where's the place like London?
Four-in-hand to-day—the next you may be undone!
Where the Peer and the Prentice they dress so much the same,
You can't tell the difference excepting by the name:

By which means, the late Mr. Tattersall might have become a very useful sort of personage as—ONE OF THE PRESS.

The newspaper alluded to—the *Morning Post*, at that period was in a very flourishing condition, and which brought Mr. Tattersall intimately connected with the following public characters, Mr. Alderman Skinner, Mr. Christie, and Mr. John Bell, who were partners with him in the above daily Journal. The Rev. Mr. Bate was the editor of the Morning Post, and who had also some shares in the paper. Mr. Bate was a gentleman of first rate abilities—also a man of the world—and conversant with all the movements of the town; and by his indefatigable industry, and the constant exercise of his talent, he brought the Morning Post to the highest degree of celebrity, and which produced a clear profit of 3,000*l.* per annum. It however appears, that his high spirit and knowledge of the world could not brook the interference of a committee, whom he treated as little better than blockheads—this interference produced a violent dispute, and ended in the Rev. Mr. Bate selling out, and starting a new morning paper, under the title of the Morning Herald, in opposition to the Morning Post. To use the words of Mr. Bate, he considered it a fortunate circumstance, that he was soon convicted of a libel against the Duke of Richmond. When he had been in prison for some months the Duke offered to procure a remittal of the remainder of his sentence, on condition of his asking pardon: this he refused with scorn. Having been a man of pleasure, and addicted to the amusements of the town, the Morning Herald found its account in his confinement. Mr. Bate devoted the whole of his time to it, having little else to occupy his attention; it soon rivalled all the other newspapers in London; and maintained its superiority for several years. The Rev. Mr. Bate Dudley was well known as the rector of the valuable living of Bradwell, in Essex; and one of the most active magistrates for that county. He was also viewed as an excellent experimental grazier upon a very large and well-improved farm, his own property. Notwithstanding his various occupations, he, nevertheless, found some leisure hours which he dedicated to the muses; and the musical farce of the *Flitch of Bacon*, the opera of the *Woodman*, &c. were the productions of his pen. The Morning Herald, at that period, was distinguished for its wit and satire; and several of the great folks felt the severity of its remarks. In addition to which, Mr. Dudley devoted a considerable portion of his time to the improvement of his lands, and the breed of sheep and horses. He also obtained from the Society of arts, manufactures, and commerce, a medal for recovering lands from the inundation of the sea at Bradwell Sur Mer. In the the cecession of Mr. Dudley from the Morning Post was not only viewed as great loss in his character of editor, but his rivalry in the Morning Herald also injured the sale of the former journal. In truth, such an editor as Mr. Dudley wa not to be replaced without great search and difficulty—a man like him, so conversant at all points with every grade of society. However, Mr. Tattersall was not dismayed, nay, on the contrary, he farmed all the shares of the different proprietors of the Morning Post. To supply the loss of Mr. Bate Dudley, a Mr. Bengefield, who had been one of the King's pages, but a captain in the Militia, offered himself to the notice of Mr. Tattersall, and who agreed to conduct the Morning Post for a certain share of the profits. The above captain was so devoted to the ministers of that day, that he felt it his interest to sacrifiee every thing in support of their measures. He persuaded Mr. Tattersall that the Morning Post could not do well long, as it supported the opposition. "There is nothing to be got," said he, "by the *Outs*; but follow my advice, and I will undertake that our paper shall beat the Morning Herald in a very short time!" Mr. Tattersall, with much candor, declared his *ignorance* of politics; but that he was inclined to support Mr. Fox and his friends for the best of all reasons, they dealt with him; yet, in the most sensible, business-like manner, observed, IF MORE MONEY COULD BE MADE ON THE OTHER SIDE, he had no objection to pursue the plan proposed. "Well said," replied Mr. Bengefield, "and now I have got the *cue*, I shall proceed with my part without delay." The Morning Post became immediately a ministerial paper, and was daily filled with the most scurrilous abuse of all the distinguished members of the *opposition*. The late king, then his royal highness the Prince of Wales was not spared; although it was well known he was Mr. Tattersall's best benefactor. The conduct also of Mrs. Fitzherbert was the daily theme of investigation; and it was the pillow on which they nightly reposed their resentment. The public, at this period, were extremely eager to read every circumstance connected with the movements of his royal highness; and the parties of Mrs. Fitzherbert were also watched with the most scrutinizing attention—indeed, a female character of such high pretensions, and so intimately connected with royalty, was a fine mark to hit at—well worth powder and shot—and according to Shakspeare:—

You know
What the Great Ones do, the less will prattle of;

The late King was extremely tenacious respecting any discussion upon his public conduct or private affairs; he was *fretful* to a degree when any remarks appeared in the newspapers concerning his mode of life—his great *hauteur* forbad it, and he entertained the kingly opinion, that royalty ought to have been exempt from criticism—this tender sort of feeling gave an impetus to the newsmongers, when scandal not only found a ready mart for sale, but became the order of the day. Any thing in the shape of an *amour* in the Fashionable World was swallowed with avidity; an *intrigue*, positively devoured; and a *faux-pas* quite a *bon bouche* to the gossips of that day. Therefore, every bit of scandal was worked up into matters of the greatest importance, and dished up with all the *piquant* manner of the most accomplished *cuisinier* in the kingdom. Hints, inuendoes, and surmises, were put forth with all the talents of a *Snake*, so celebrated in the 'School for Scandal;' something after the manner of more modern times of a celebrated fashionable lord, and his *dear* countess—upon which the following song was made by that clever song writer and singer, Mr. Thomas Hudson, and well received in all the convivial parties in the kingdom:—

THE PETTICOAT AND BREECHES.

TUNE—"*Over the water to Charley.*"
"Honi soit qui mal y pense."

DEDICATED (IN PARTICULAR) TO ALL MARRIED MEN, FROM THE PRINCE TO THE PEASANT.

My lord Ramble went home quite fatigued t'other night,
And as he did take off his breeches,
He look'd at my lady, who was fast asleep quite,
And his conscience it gave him some twitches.
He crept into bed and to sleep went at last,
And dreamt of his power and riches,
When a curious conversation there was passed
'Tween my lady's petticoat and my lord's breeches.

"Oh pray where have you been rambling all day!"
Says the petticoat to my lord's breeches;
"After the women, a wager I'll lay!"
"Egad, you're just right," says the breeches.
"My master, you know, is a gentleman fine,
Nay, a lord, and has plenty of riches;
He has pass'd the whole day with a beauty divine.
As blest as a prince," says the breeches.

Then says the petticoat, "Oh, what a shame!
"One would think husbands thought their wives witches,
To run away so just to follow that game,
To tell my lady I'm sure my tongue itches.
'Tis a very strange thing that a man can't be true
To a wife who in virtue so rich is;
Now is it not shocking? in truth what think you?"
"'Tis the fashion" replied my lord's breeches.

The petticoat then rais'd her head with a smile,
And said, "since the fashion bewitches,
My lady's not backward, for she all the while
Has been well entertaining the breeches
A charming young captain has been here all day,
Lock'd up far from vulgar eyes' reaches;
And my lady with him has the time pass'd so gay,"
"The devil she has!" says the breeches.

"And now, take my word for't, 'tis nothing but fair,"
Says the petticoat on to the breeches!
"That to follow his footsteps his wife does not care,
If he jumps over hedges and ditches.
And surely her conduct he cannot condemn,
If he will lead her up to such pitches;
And for tricks, if the breeches are down upon them,
"He'll find petticoats up to the breeches."

MORAL.

Married men all take a lesson from this,
All you who prize wives as your riches;
And if you by chance meet a beautiful Miss
Be sure and take care of your breeches.
Your wives will be happy and on home they will doat,
And to *honor* they'll stick tight as leeches;
Only you be content with their *one* petticoat,
They'll be blest with your ONE pair of breeches.

But, to return to the Morning Post and Mr. Tattersall—such repeated attacks ultimately alarmed the inmates of Carlton House; and Weltje, who was then cook to his royal highness, and a sort of prime minister in all his private and family concerns, was dispatched to Hyde Park Corner, to silence, upon any terms, the daring fellows who had no respect for their great superiors in life, and made public, royal intrigues with the utmost *sang froid*. Mr. Bengefield replied that he was tired of conducting a Daily Journal, and had not the least objection to be *provided for*, in order that he might enjoy the *otium cum dignitate* of private life. Weltje made the contract immediately for his most anxious master, by settling £300 per annum on Mr. Bengefield. The Morning Post, thus hastily deprived of its editor, fell into the conduct of inferior hands, and Mr. Tattersall, with the assistance of his friends, crowded the paper with advertisements; readers complained that it had no interesting news, either foreign or domestic, and that the scandal which it contained, both private and public, was shameful and odious. Mr. Tattersall, to use a sporting phrase, was rather "*at fault*," and scarcely knew how to manage the literary helm; but he made up his mind that none of his writers in future should abuse Mrs. Fitzherbert; and he likewise ordered them to be most respectful, nay, flattering in their notices of the Prince. This mode of proceeding was considered by his friends not only as well done—but managed in a business sort of way—as the stud of his royal highness was soon to be brought to the hammer.

The columns of the Morning Post were now devoted to the opinions of Mr. Fox, and his royal highness, the Prince of Wales was flattered to the skies; while, on the contrary, Mr. Pitt was equally abused as a statesman. This change, however, did not succeed, and the circulation of the Morning Post became materially reduced in its sale. To add to Mr. Tattersall's disappointment and loss, soon after the above period, a libel appeared in the paper, on the beautiful lady Elizabeth Lambert; and her mother, lady Cavan, as her guardian, brought an action against Mr. Tattersall for blasting the character of her daughter, and laid the damages at 10,000*l.* This alarmed Mr. Tattersall, and he applied to the Prince of Wales, and also interested the Duke of York in his behalf. Lady Craven was inexorable: she properly observed that ladies had two ways of getting husbands;—by character and by money; those who take away the character ought to supply the deficiency with money. The jury were of the same opinion, and gave a verdict for Lady Elizabeth, for 4000*l.* damages; and she received every farthing of the money awarded her. But, as one misfortune seldom comes alone, prosecutions were soon after commenced against several newspaper proprietors, for libels on the lady of the Lord chancellor of Ireland. Mr. Tattersall was also implicated. Fortunately for him, he was known to his Lordship, who condescended to write a letter of remonstrance to him. Lord Westmoreland, the Lord Lieutenant, with his relation, Mr. F. Lane, interposed their good offices, and his Lordship was prevailed upon to drop the suit.

Mr. Tattersall, however, did not like to give up the Morning Post, although he seldom attempted to read any thing beyond the advertisements of horses, and the account of races. It was with great difficulty that his son prevailed upon him to part with it and the "English Chronicle," which were then his property. Some persons were of opinion, that he wished to have the world believe, that as he was the proprietor of newspapers, he was also a man of some literature. Be that as it may—one thing is certain, that he did not gratify his prevailing passion—the love of money, by holding it, as it had been for many years a *losing concern;* and had likewise sunk very much in the estimation of the public. The copyright of the Morning Post was, by comparison, sold for a mere trifle. The English Chronicle was purchased by Mr. Radcliffe, the husband of the celebrated Mrs. Radcliffe, the authoress of the Mysteries of Udolpho, and several other interesting publications—thus ended the "*literary career*," if such it may be termed, of Mr. Tattersall—and perhaps it would have proved much better, both for his mind and his purse, if he had attended to the advice of his friends, who, on his first idea of is becoming a newspaper proprietor, bid him consult the well-known adage—NE SUTOR ULTRA CREPIDAM." The above anecdotes, in our humble opinion, repecting the founder of this celebrated Sporting establishment, are well worthy the perusal of the rising sportsmen.

The SETTLING DAY (which the embellishment represents,) is most certainly a very important feature at Tatttersall's; to some persons it proves an immense source of delight and pleasure, to think that their judgment has proved correct, and also that they are to be well paid for it. To others, the *losers*, those who have speculated beyond their means of payment, it turns out to be a day of woe and misery, and they are compelled to become LEVANTERS. But to those persons whose honor rises superior to every other consideration, they will pay their losses to the utmost *farthing* without the slightest murmur.

The art of betting on race-horses is considered a complete *science;* but without a person keeps a *book*, and attends daily to the rise and fall of the 'Sporting Stocks," and shifts his ground according to the alteration of the odds, the going down of some, the first favorites, and the rising of other horses, so as to obtain a *point* or two the best of it, he is very likely to make but a 'sorry affair' of it altogether. Yet this is not ALL that is requisite to become a '*downy* one' in the scale of calculation. There is a *summut* to be learned from the trainers—you ought also to be upon the look out after the "gallops;" knowing the temper of the horses; ascertaining something about their constitutions; the strength required upon one race-course; the *tact* wanting upon another. Tottenham corner, at Epsom, has often proved a very dangerous spot, both to man and horse; and many races have been lost at that turn. Then something is to be enquired about the talents of the jockey; for a great deal may depend upon his good conduct and exertions towards winning a race. It may also be necessary, if it can be *fathomed* from the *Touters*, whether the jockey is to ride 'according to orders;' or to be left to his own discretion, to *win* if he can. That there have been some *robberies* committed upon the turf it would be useless, nay, a folly to deny: but nothing in the world can be more elevated than the notions of honor of the true Sporting Gentleman; and we are happy to assert that thousands of such characters are to be met with at the present moment, upon every race-ground in the kingdom. Betting on the turf, within the last few years, from a variety of causes, has been very much *narrowed;* and 'laying money against *nothing*' is entirely out of the question. But, after all, the *science* appertaining to *betting* at times proves extremely fallacious; and after all the conglomeration of 'knowing *nobs* upon the subject—the whispers—the significant nods—and the *ear-wringing* as to the qualities and the pedigree of the favorite—an outside horse runs away with the great stakes—laughing, as it were, at any thing like sober calculation. How is that to be accounted for? And it is but justice to remark of several of the Sporting men that they are liberal enough, if a losing man cannot come exactly to the *scratch* on a SETTLING DAY, they will allow him time to make it "*all right!*"

Pierce Egan's Book of Sports.

Miscellanies.

POLICE REPORT.

The all accomplished but unfortunate Mary Mass is once more the heroine of our pen, and it is our duty to introduce her to the reader in a character entirely novel—aye, even that of a public vocalist. Hide your diminished heads ye Malabrans, Catalinis, Grises, Woods, Austins and Mrs. Maeders, or reduce the price of your warblings, for there's a rival in the field where glory's to be won. Melodious Mass! a little more popularity and thou shalt be be-*stauza'd*, even with the "grey goose quill" we wield our noble selves. Thou shalt not pine in lorn and lonely disregard, nor be 'damn'd with faint praise, be darned if you shall, and that's almost sworn to.

Mary was pouring out her liquid notes under the liquid influence previously poured in, at an early hour the preceding evening, and the good people who have taken to themselves domicils at the corner of Front and Hillen streets were the favored few. There sat Mary, whizzle, whizzle went the wind and, mizzle, mizzle, came the rain; but she heeded it not, for Mary was pretty well *wizzled* herself. In justice to the unvitiated taste of the rising generation, be it known, that Mary's crotchets and quavers, demi and semi, elicited repeated plaudits and vociferous encores from the mamkin connoviseurs who circum-laughed around her. And there were others who curled a whisker with the smile that patronised our Mary. They were amused; how could they be otherwise. Mary's terms were so low, that they could but be on terms with her—Tickets 0! children, half price, no doubt. Generous loveliness! A musical *melange* by Miss Mass, for the diversion of juvenile amateurs. We have by dint of perseverance preserved some snatches of her style.

"O, the bacon's in the frying pan, the pan is on the fire,
The taties bilin' in the pot, what more can you desire?
What more can I desire my love—a lass upon my knee,
A pretty lass, like Mary Mass, (that's me) who sings right merri-*lee*.

Think of such language running along a set of bars, as regular as the bars of a gridiron, and in a moment with matchless effect, a transition is made to the love-pathetic,

"O have you seen my shepherd love,
He slumbers by the brook;
He vow'd he'd meet me in the grove,
My shepherd with his crook."
He vow'd he'd come—he vow'd he'd come
My shepherd with his crook."

"Hollo! stop that noise—I'm here," said the watchman. Who does not remember the "I'm here', scene in Guy Mannering. The effect was startling—the spontoon—the crook at the end—the I'm here' and all for *nothing*.—Shut up your Theatres.

The Italian opera fails—who wonders? The operations of natural operators in street opera is worth all the *linis* and *dinis* and *cinis* and *ninnies* in the U. S. and Havana to boot.

"Go to the watchhouse Mary, and get sober," said the watchman.

"I'm going sir," and she went off, chanting the burthen of her last ditty, which fell upon the ear in softer cadenza's as her retreating form pecame gradually enveeoped in the murky pall of night. We like to wind up an article in style.—Mary was discharged.

Baltimore Transcript, June 24th

A CURIOSITY.—The Boston Herald says that the following being an advertisement of Lord Timothy Dexter (who formerly lived in Newburyport, Mass.) and which was inserted in one of the papers of that place some years since, was handed them by a friend. This is the same eccentric, but, foolish individual, who being advised by some malicious wight to send a cargo of warming pans to the West Indies, did so, and still made money out of the speculation; the negroes making use of them for different purposes in the manufacture of molasses. He offered his fellow townsmen to pave certain sections of the town, provided they would call him LORD DEXTER. To this they would not agree, but he was ever after a *titled* man and to use his own word, "*the greatest philosopher of the East.*" His "PICKLE FOR KNOWING ONES," another odd conceit, peculiarly his own, is a great curiosity. It is a work which he published without the use of a single capital or mark of punctuation, except at the end, where he had some four or five pages of Capitals, periods, etc. etc. with the following advice to his readers. "To pickle the dish to their own liking." He also had in front of his residence, one of the most beautiful situations in Newburybort, some twenty or thirty images carved from wood, representing the most distinguished men and soldiers of our country.

Whereas I, Lord Timothy Dexter, having been truly informed that several audacious, atrocious, nefarious, intrepid, night walking, garden violating, immature peach stealing rascals, all the spawns of the devil, and cubs of Satan, do frequently, villainously, and burglariously assemble themselves together in my garden, therein piping, fighting, swearing, roguing, duck egg hunting, with many other shameful and illicit acts which the modesty of my pen cannot express, This is to give you all notice Delicypians, Capinicarians, Talamunarians, base born scoundrels, and old rascals, of whatever nation you may be, return ye my fruit and property, or, by the Gods, the Heathen Gods, I swear, I will send my son Sam to Babylon, for bloodhounds fiercer than tigers, and fleeter than the winds; and mounted on my noted horse Lily, with my cutting sabre in my hand, I will hunt you through Europe, Asia, Africa and America, until I can enter you in a cavern under a great tree in Newfoundland, where Beelzebub himself can never find you.

Hear! ye tatterdemallions, thieves, vagabonds, lank jawed, herring-gutted, and tun-bellied plebeians, that if ye, or any of ye, dare set your feet in my house or garden, I will deliver you to Charon, who will ferry you across the river Styx, and deliver you to the Royal Arch Devil Lucifer at the place of his infernal cauldron, there to be dredged with the sulphur of Caucacus. and roasted forever before the burning cratur of Ætna LORD TIMOTHY DEXTER.

COLONELS CROCKETT AND BOWIE.—The following facts characteristic of these brave and lamented men, which are well authenticated, are extracted from a letter recently received from a friend residing at Nachitoches, Louisiana:—

"During the seige of the Alamo, the Mexicans planted a piece of ordinace within gunshot of the Fort, with the intention of commencing a brisk canonade. Five men successively stepped forth to fire the gun, and were each marded down by the unerring rifle of Crockett. The consequence was that the gun was abandoned.

"A characteristic fact is also related of Col. Bowie, who formed one of the ill-fated garrison. When the fort was carried he was sick in bed. He had also one of the murderous butcher knives which bears his name. Lying in bed he discharged his pistols and gun, and with each discharge brought down an enemy. So intimidated were the Mexicans by this act of desperate and cool bravery, that they dare not approach him, but shot him from the door—and as the cowards approached his bed over the dead bodies of their companions, the dying Bowie, nerved himself for a last blow, plunged his knife into the heart of the nearest foe at the same instant that he expired. Such are a few of the facts I have learned connected with the fall of San Antonio.

Zenia (Ohio) Gazette.

THE GUILLOTINE.—The correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser, in describing the execution of Fieschi and his accomplices, thus describes the instrument used in France, on occasions of this nature.

Shall I describe the instrument by which they were beheaded? I shall do so in a few words. Conceive of a scaffold some sixteen or 20 feet square, and six or eight in elevation. Between the centre and one side of it stands a frame much like that of an ordinary door, only not so wide. The two upright posts of this frame are grooved on the inside, and in these grooves is set the axe, as it is called, which is rather an immense cleaver, not placed exactly horizontal, but making an angle with the horizon. By means of pulleys and cords this axe is drawn up to the top of the frame. The convict is stationed precisely his length in front of it, with his face towards the horrible machine. A plank or board stands up before him, which reaches nearly to the lower part of the neck. To that board he is quickly lashed by the executioner. In an instant the plank, moved by machinery, tilts over, bringing the convict down into a horizontal position, with his breast or rather his belly resting on it and his head between the two upright posts of the machine.

In another instant the axe descends upon the back of his neck, with a noise that would lead you to believe that it does not weigh less than sixty pounds. Of course, the head is severed in the twinkling of an eye! The executioner picks it up and throws it into a basket, and along with it places the body. This is the famous guillotine, an instrument of death which certainly shows some advance in civilization, for it makes death as easy as a violent one is ever likely to be. This famous instrument, it is said, was invented by a French physician, about the commencement of the first revolution. It is further said, with what truth I know not, that the inventor of it lost his own life, in the revolutionary fury, by the instrument of his own invention.

MR. SLANG always used to say "my horses, my boys;" Mr. Slang now invariably says "our horses, our boys, or our farm." This substitution of "our" for "my," by Mr. Slang, was brought about thus: Mr. Slang had just married a second wife. On the day after the wedding, Mr. Slang casually remarked, "I now intend, Mrs. Slang, to enlarge my dairy." You mean *our* dairy, my dear, replies Mrs. Slang. No, quoth Mr. Slang. I say I shall enlarge *my* dairy. Say *our* dairy, Mr. Slang. No; *my* dairy. Say *our* dairy, say *our*, screamed Mrs. Slang, seizing the poker. *My* dairy! *my* dairy! *my* dairy vociferated the husband. *Our* dairy! *our* dairy! *our* dairy! re-echoed the wife, emphasizing each "our" with a blow of the poker upon the back of her cringing spouse. Mr. Slang retreated under the bed. In passing under the bed clothes, Mr. Slang's hat was brushed off. Mr. Slang remained under cover several minutes, waiting for a calm. At length his wife saw him thrusting his head out at the foot of the bed, much like a turtle from its shell. What are you looking for, Mr. Slang, said she? I am looking, my dear, snivelled he, to see if I can see anything of *our* hat. The struggle was over. Next Sunday morning Mr. Slang asked Mrs. Slang if we might wear our clean linen breeches to meeting? And in short ever since the above mentioned occurrence, Mr. Slang has studiously avoided the use of that odious singular possessive pronoun.

FEMALE MUTABILITY.

I gave her a rose—and I gave her a ring,
And I asked her to marry me then;
But she sent them all back—the insensible thing,
And said she'd no notion of men.
I told her I'd oceans of money and goods,
And tried her to fright with a growl,
But she answer'd she wasn't brought up in the woods
To be scared by the shade of an owl.

I call'd her a baggage and every thing bad—
I slighted her features and form—
Till at length I succeeded in getting her mad,
And she raged like the sea in a storm.
And then in a moment I turned and I smil'd,
And I call'd her my angel, and all,
And she fell in my arms, like a wearisome child,
And exclaim'd, "we will marry NEXT FALL."

MUSTACHIOS.—Commodore Elliot and his officers, during his cruise in the Constitution, touched at Havre, and allowed many of his midshipmen to visit Paris. On their return they all busied themselves in cultivating mustachios. The Commodore was vexed at discovering the mimickry of the French dandies, but was not inclined to speak to them on so trifling a subject. He sent for the steward and ordered him to follow the fashion of his middies. In a week the steward had far surpassed the officers in the luxuriance of his fringes, and they, indignant at his impertinence in daring to imitate them, took him to account in no very gentle manner. But when the grinning blackee told them, that it was no fault of his, but that he acted under the orders of the Commodore, they rushed to their quarters and shaved off the filthy appendages, and the steward's mustachios was left "alone in his glory."

Extraordinary Instance of Canine sagacity.—A gentleman whose love of field sports sometimes made him a trespasser on others' grounds, once had the misfortune to have one of his favorite pointers wounded by a nobleman's game keeper, upon one of his marauding expeditions. Some time after, he was about to cross a gentleman's grounds in another part of the country; when he had half achieved the distance he missed one of his dogs; he whistled and called to no purpose; and at length in great anger he returned to seek the truant, and he found him on the border of the domain he had just entered, pointing most stanchly; making sure of a shot, the sportsman cocked his piece, and looking towards the direction of the point, observed with no less admiration than wonder that the dog's eyes were rivetted upon a board bearing the following ominous inscription:—

"Notice;—*All dogs entering these grounds will be shot.*

W. RAMROD, *Keeper*.

"REMARKABLE CIRCUMSTANCE."—We perceive in some of our daily papers a paragraph with the above heading which runs in this wise.

"ROBINSON who was tried last week in N. York, for the murder of Helen Jewett, came up in the steam boat to Middleton the other day. His father lives in Durham, Conn. A lady was in the same boat with him, whose name, curious as it may appear was HELEN JEWETT.'

How astonishing! There is still living, a female, named Helen Jewett, and that Robinson should meet with her, is indeed a *remarkable circumstance*, worthy of being Heralded abroad by all the dignified conductors of the press.

Baltimore Transcript.

A pretty Lip.—A writer of romance thus describes his hero's under lip:—"It was a lip without model, although not without shadow. It poured down a real cataract of lip. It was of the shape and size of a half grown grey-hound's ear, and circled over his chin in ample apology. At a distance you would have mistaken it for a tongue, too large for the capacity of his mouth—or a red banner, hung out to tell which way the wind blew."

THE HORSE MARINES.—An ancient military personage, was, a few evenings ago, trying to persuade a young civilian of the existence of that Utopian corps "The Horse Marines." The green horn, however, being incredulous, the senior appealed to the "facetious barrister," so sat sipping his sherry and on the sharp look-out for a pun. "Have you not often, D—, seen the horse-marines?" Not *altogether* (all together,) but to my certain knowledge, marines have often *rowed* (rode) in a boat, and I have frequently seen *fleet* horses.

STALLION STAKES FOR 1840.

THE UNDERSIGNED agrees to run two Sweepstakes Races in the Fall of 1840, with the get of Stallions from mares covered in 1836, for One Thousand Dollars each, P.P.; the first 2 miles *out*, carrying 110 lbs; the second, 2 mile *heats*, according to the rules &c., &c., to be run over the Nashville, Tennessee, Course; the first on Saturday preceding the regular Fall Meeting, the second on Saturday of said meeting. The get of *Leviathan* and *Eclipse* to carry 5 lbs. extra as approved stallions. To close on or before the 1st of January, 1837; five or more to make a race.

E. H. BOARDMAN enters get of Imp. CONSOL.

Huntsville, Ala., June 17, 1836. july 2

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

GREAT ATTRACTION! for a short time, at PEALE'S MUSEUM, Broadway, opposite the City Hall. Every evening the performance will commence at half past 7 o'clock, with a pleasing and entertaining Exhibition of

FANTOCCINI, or Mechanical Theatre of AUTOMATON FIGURES.—They perform the most curious and surpassing feats of agility, and difficult movements of the human body, with great accuracy—all accomplished by mechanical means. They keep time with music, and have all the appearance of living beings. The following figures are occasionally diversified with others. These are the same figures that performed at Vauxhall Gardens, London, with great applause.

1. Girl, that pronounces the words Mamma and Pappa. 2. Clown, that pronounces the French words Oh La, La, moving his eyes, mouth, &c. 3. Slack Rope Dancer, performing a great variety of difficult motions. 4. Indian Juggler, that throws golden balls with surprising dexterity and skill. 5. Chair Balancer, who performs many curious feats with two chairs. 6. Pat with his Shillalah, just arrived. 7. Ben the Sailor, who dances a hornpipe, takes off his hat, &c. 8. Wreath Dance, by a young lady and gentleman. 9. Mr. Frog and his Son who perform a most extraordinary Dance. 10. Joe Grimaldi the Clown, whose curious grimaces and figure, never fails to gratify. He encounters the attack of a Dog, &c. 11. Mrs. Shipton smokes her pipe with all the good humor and grace imaginable. 12. A long and strong pull, performed by an old Hog and several Boys. 13. A Turk, who is transmogrified into six Judges, &c. &c.

MAJOR STEVENS, the American Dwarf.

☞Prepared Birds and Bird Skins, kept constantly on hand, and for sale.

Admittance 25 cts. Children half price. feb. 20

FOR SALE,

A SMALL FARM, near the Union Race Course, L. I., lying between the Brooklyn and Jamaica turnpike and rail-road, near the hotels of Mr. John R. Snedeker and Mr. Jeromus Snedeker. There is on the premises a good house, with wings, barn, carriage-house, ice-house, and other out buildings, nearly new, and about 12 acres of highly cultivated land, laid out into flower and vegetable gardens and shrubbery, with an orchard of various kinds of fruit. The situation is a very desirable one. A part of the amount can remain on bond and mortgage. Possession will be given the 1st March. For terms, &c., inquire of

PETER NUFUS, 215 Front-street,
mar 5 tf ABM. H. VAN WYCK, No. 1 Nassau-st., corner of Wall-st.

THEATRICAL.

THE AUTHOR OF A COMEDY in three acts, wishes to dispose of it to some good Low Comedian, in order to have it represented in a manner that will be advantageous to the purchaser as well as himself.—The play referred to, was written for a Prize Comedy, but; owing to a misunderstanding between the Committee and himself, it was not read by them—it is now for sale in manuscript with the stage business arranged for immediate representation. Any person wishing a piece of the Low Comedy order, will please address COMICUS at the office of the Spirit of the Times, stating when and where an interview may be had.

TO RIFLE DEALERS AND SPORTSMEN.

A. A. HARRINGTON, No. 95 Barclay-street, New-York, Manufacturer of Rifles of a superior quality, all of which he warrants good.

A. A. H. has for the last ten years devoted his whole attention to Rifle Making. The Experiments he has made, and the manner in which he now grooves his Guns, enables him to compete with, if not surpass, any other establishment of the kind. Southern and Western Dealers supplied at short notice, with an article they can warrant with confidence.

A. A. H. has at times a good assortment of Fowling Guns, and apparatus suitable for Sporting. Particular attention paid to Repairing and Cleaning old guns, &c. &c. mar 12

CUSTOM-HOUSE HOTEL,

CORNER OF PINE AND NASSAU-STREETS, New-York.—The subscriber having opened the above house on the European plan, is now ready to accommodate his friends and the public in superior style. The house is built on a modern and improved plan, and furnished with every convenience and all the luxuries of an unrivalled market. The lodging rooms are airy and well furnished, and in perfect order. The ordinary is neat, convenient, and well furnished, and the tables shall always be supplied with all the rarity the market affords—served up by experienced cooks.

** Gentlemen on business will find this a most desirable and central situation, being near Wall and all the business streets; and the proprietor pledges himself that no pains shall be spared on his part to make visitors comfortable and perfectly at home.

mar 5 JAMES HORN, Jun.

TO TURFMEN.

A YOUNG man recently arrived from Europe, of light weight, and possessing some experience, is desirous of exhibiting himself on the American Turf, and hereby offers his services to any gentleman having a strong horse to ride at the approaching races. The advertiser having rode with success for some of the first sporting characters in Europe, flatters himself that he will be able to give satisfactory references to any gentleman who may be pleased to notice this advertisement, being both strong and light in weight. Trotting matches, Sweepstakes and single matches attended. Address J. C. G. at the office of the Spirit of the Times 157 Broadway.

P. S.—The advertiser, if desired will also train either race or trotting horses. may 14

BAREFOOT,

ONE OF THE FEW HORSES IN AMERICA that has ever won the Great St. Leger. The imported horse BAREFOOT will stand for mares the ensuing season, at the stable of the subscriber, near the Union Race Course, Long Island, at the following terms:—

Full-blooded Mares .	$50 the season; and $1 for the groom
All other Mares . . .	$25 the season

The Money to be paid when the mares are taken away, with the expense of keeping; or on or before the 15th July next. The season to commence on the 1st of March next, and terminate on the 15th July, 1836.

This fine horse was foaled the property of Mr. Watt, in England, in the year 1820, and afterwards was sold to Lord Darlington, who disposed of him to Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Bart.; who sent him out for the benefit of his native country at large. On the English Turf, BAREFOOT proved himself one of the most successful racers of his day; having beaten nearly, if not all, the best runners in England, as will be seen by the following statement of his performances, as well as by reference to the Sporting Annals for the years 1823 to '26 inclusive.

Doncaster Meeting, September, 1823.—Monday, Sept. 15, the St. Leger Stakes of 25 guineas each, for three-year old colts, 8st. 2lb. (114 lb.) Fillies, 8st. (112 lb.) 84 subscribers. 1. Mr. Watt's ch. c. Barefoot, by Tramp, out of Rosamond, Goodison. 2. Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Sherwood, by Filho da Puta, Scott. 3. Mr. Riddell's b. c. Comte d'Artois, R. Johnson. The following also started but were not placed.—Mr. Peirse's br. c. by Comus out of Rosanne; Lord Surrey's br. f. Etiquette, by Orville; Mr. West's ch. c. Claude Lorraine by Rubens, Mr. Roger's b. c. Tancred, brother to Pacha, by Selim; Sir M. W. Ridley's br. c. Ringlet, by Whisker; Lord Kelburn's ch. c. Caledonian, by Stamford; Mr. Hunter's br. c. by Orville out of L'Huile de Venus; Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. Mercandotti, by Muley; and Mr. Furguson's ch. c. North Star, by Octavian. *Note*—Sherwood, Tinker, the Rosanne colt, Barefoot, Columbus, Comte d'Artois, Tancred, Mr. Uppleby's colt by Proselyte, Polly, the Lisette filley, North Star, Hydra, Meltonian, Berezina, Palais Royale, Brilliante, Ringlet, Plumber, Rhubarb, Isabella, Brighton, Honest John, and L'Huile de Venus' colt, went off without being started by the clerk of the course, leaving at the post Caledonia, Mercandotti, Claude Lorraine, and Etiquette, when the Rosanne colt came in first, Barefoot second, and Comte d'Artois third. This was decided by the Stewards and gentlemen appointed from the Club to be a false start, and the race was afterwards run as above. *False Start*—Sherwood made very severe play, and kept the lead up to the Red House, when he was headed by Comte D'Artois, and some very severe running then took place between the Comte, Barefoot, and Rosanne, the latter winning by only a head. Tinker was beat early, and Barefoot was shut out in running. Run in 3 minutes, and 22 seconds. *The Start*,—The Comte here made severe play, until about two distances from home, when Barefoot came along side of him, and won very easy by two lengths. Run in 3 minutes 23 1-4 seconds. See page 69 of English Racing Calendar, attached to vol. 12 of the English Sporting Magazine, for 1823, and also Annals of Sporting for 1823, vol 4, p. 248 It is also worthy of note, that the St. Leger Course in 1823, was 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, it has since been curtailed 43 yards, leaving it of latter years only 1 mile, 6 furlongs and 132 yards, precisely 308 yards short of 2 miles, which, although run last year in 3 min. 23 secs., yet Barefoot in 1823, went 43 yards further in the same time, and repeated the distance with only the addition of 1-4 of a second. Moreover, in the first race, ordered to be run over, in consequence of being adjudged a false start; Barefoot although shut out, that is hemmed in on all sides by the crowd of horses, so as to obstruct him, nevertheless, lost by only a head! And in the second trial won easy by two lengths. Here then his success did not depend upon any fortuitous circumstance! he proved himself by repetition, decidedly the best Horse, of a large lot of good ones, and is in justice entitled to credit, for that which no horse in America can show a claim,—running 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, (nearly 265 yards short of two miles.) when 3 years old, with 114lbs. upon his back, in 3min. 23 secs, and repeating in 3m, 23 1-4 secs.

In corroboration of what is here said, will be found in the Annals of Sporting, vol. 4, page 244—"at length the St. Leger of 1823 is decided, and *Barefoot*, after running the race twice, is declared the victor, thus proving the old adage, that public running is the sure and safest criterion to back a horse."

HIS PEDIGREE is as follows, and equal to that of any other horse:—he was got by *Tramp* out of *Rosamond*, by *Buzzard;* her dam, *Rosebury*, sister to *Huby*, by *Phenomenon;* her dam, *Miss West;* by *Matchem—Regulus—Crab—Childers—Basto*. *Tramp* was got by *Dick Andrews*, out of a *Gohanna Mare;* her dam, *Flaxinella*, by *Trentham—Woodpecker; Everlasting*, by *Eclipse*. *Dick Andrews* was got by *Joe Andrews*, out of a *Highflyer Mare;* her dam, by *Cardinal Puff—Tatler—Snip—Godolphin Arabian*. *Joe Andrews* was got by *Eclipse*, out of *Amaranda*, by *Omnium;* her dam, *Cloudy*, by *Blank—Crab—Partner, &c.*

PERFORMANCES.—At the York Spring Meeting, 1822, he run second to Miss Fanny, in a sweepstakes of 30gs. each for two year olds, for which eight started, and three only were placed. In September 1822, (then only two years old,) he won a sweepstake of 20gs. each, 11 subscribers, at Pontefract, carrying 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) beating Bourdeaux and 4 others very easy. BAREFOOT, at the Spring Meeting at York, May 1823, at three years old, St. Leger Stakes, 1 mile 3 quarters, 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) beating Sir Anthony and Harpooner. Time, 3min. 15sec. or 1min. 51sec. per mile.

1823--At the August Meeting at York, won a sweepstakes, 17 subscribers, 8st. 5lb. (117lb.) 1 mile and a quarter. Time 2 min. 22 sec. or 1min. 52sec. per mile, beating Richardson's B. C. by Filho da Puta—Nitrogen—Isabella, and one other. At Ponterfact, Sept. 2, won a sweepstakes, 10 subscribers, 1 mile 3 quarters, 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) beating Palatine. Won very easy. At Doncaster, September Meeting, he won the great St. Leger Stakes, for three year old colts, 83 subscribers, 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) distance. Time 3min. 23 1-4sec. beating Sherwood --Comte D'Artois—Comus—Etiquette—Claude Lorraine—Tancred—Ringlet—North Star—Mercandotti—Ganymede—Caledodian—and 11 others. Compte D'Artois took the lead at starting, and made severe running, till near the distance post, when Barefoot came up, passed him, and won by two lengths. After winning the Doncaster Great St. Leger, he was purchased by Lord Darlington, (now Marquis of Cleaveland,) for 3000gs. was carried by him to New-Market, where he challenged Colonel Udney's celebrated Horse Emelius, (the recent winner of all the great stakes and since the sire of Priam, Plenipo, Sarpedon, and others,) for 2000 guineas, which was not accepted. At Newmarket, Houghton meeting, in October, he won the handicap plate, 50*l*., distance 1 mile 1 quarter and 24 yards, 8st. 10lb (122lb.) beating Tressilian, Van Loo, Aaron, Nicoli, Mina, and Mr. Williamson's Partizan Colt. Won easy,—Thus winning every race for which he started, for that year, and beating the best horses on the Turf.

1824—At four years old, June meeting, at Ascot Heath, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100sovs. against Bizarre, carrying 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) 2 miles and a half, 7 subscribers, and was beaten, after a well-contested race. At the same place he won the Swinley stakes, 3 subscribers, mile and a half, by walking over, no horse appearing to contend with him. At Doncaster, September meeting, on Monday, he started for the King's plate, 4 miles, 10st. 7lb. (147lb.)—Time, 8min. 18sec., and the favorite at starting; but was beaten by Arrogance and Bordeaux, coming in third, and beating Bugle. At the same meeting, the Wednesday following, he started for a sweepstakes, 5 subscribers, St. Leger Course, carrying 8st. 7lb. (119lb.) and beaten by Lottery, the best horse of his day, carrying 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) The time of running 3m. 30sec. The above is the only time of starting in 1824.

1825—At Lancaster, in June, then 5 years old, he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs. added to a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 17 subscribers, 3 miles, 8st. 8lb., (120lb.) time not given; beating Lottery, [above mentioned, 5 years old, same weight,] Young Corrector, 5 years old, Panthea, 4 years old, carrying 7st. 11lb. (109lb.): an excellent contested race. At Derby, in July, the same year, he started for the Gold Cup, 15 subscribers, of 10 guineas each, 3 miles, 8st. 12lb. (124lb.) and was beaten by Sir Grey and Canteen, both 4 years old, and carrying 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) and beating Sligo, 4 years old, carrying 114lb.: an excellent race. At Wolverhampton, in August, he started for the Darlington Cup, added to a sweepstakes of 13 subscribers, 10sovs. each, 3 miles, 8st. 10lb. (124 lb.) beating Gen. Mina, 5 years old, same weight, and Sir Grey, 4 4 years old, 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) the same horse that beat him at Derby, as above stated. At Northalerton, Yorkshire, in October, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with a sweepstake added, 11 subscribers, 10gs. each, 2 miles, 8st. 9lb. (121 lb.) against The Alderman, 3 years old, 6st. 10lb. (94lb.) and was beaten only by a neck, notwithstanding the great difference of weight. It may be remarked that The Alderman has proved himself to be one of the best horses of his day. The above are all Barefoot's races of the year 1825.

1826—At the Manchester meeting, May 17th, Barefoot won the Free Handicap Stakes of 30sovs. eech, 2 miles and a distance, he carrying 9st. (126lb.) beating Miller of Mansfield, 8st. 4lb. (116lb.) and Lord Grosvenor's Hybla, 5 years, 7st. 12lb. (110lb.): a good race, 5 to 4 on Barefoot. At Lancaster, July 21, he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs., added to a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 3 subscribers, carrying 8st. 12lb. (124lb.) 3 miles, beating Crowcatcher, 4 year old, 112lb. and Sophy, by Comus, 4 yrs. 109lb. The above comprise all the races of Barefoot.

BAREFOOT is a remarkably beautiful horse, a bright chesnut, 15 1-2 hands high, very fine in his forehand, muscular, and well-proportioned in all respects, very acae, of a high spirit, and at the same time of a good temper. The breeders of horses are respectfully invited to call and examine this horse.

JOHN R. SNEDEKER,
feb 20 Union Hotel, Long Island.

J. T. GOSDEN.

PROFESSOR OF THE FLUTE, late of the Baltimore Theatre and Concerts, respectfully informs the citizens of New-York, that he has located himself in this city, for the purpose of giving instruction on the above instrument and the Piano Forte. He trusts that his long experience in the musical profession, and unwearied attention to his pupils, will be such as to entitle him to their patronage and support. For reference, as to his success as a teacher, Mr. G. possesses testimonials from individuals of the highest standing in this country, in whose families he has taught for several years together, and given the greatest satisfaction. For address, apply at Messrs. HEWITT & Co.'s Music Store, and at ATWILL'S Music Saloon, Broadway. feb 20

SUPERIOR TONED FLUTES, &c.

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON.—The attention of amateurs and artists of Music is respectfully invited to an inspection of a valuable assortment of Flutes and Clarionets recently received from the manufacturer, among which are several of the celebrated Taylor Flutes.

The simple construction, the durability and elegance of the Taylor Flute render them worthy the attention of every performer on that instrument. They are manufactured of the best seasoned cocoawood, with eight or nine silver keys with double springs; silver hands, with or without the ivory joint.

The superior construction of the keys stands unrivalled; they stop with the greatest accuracy, make no rattling noise, and are not liable to get out of order. The great fault of incorrect intonation in Flutes is well known. By close application and great care, the imperfection has been remedied in the Taylor Flutes. These will be found extremely easy to blow, and posess a superior and peculiar sweetness of tone.

Each of the above Flutes are examined by Mr. P. H. Taylor, professor of the instrument, and none are genuine unless marked "P. H. Taylor, Approved," accompanied by his certificate.

Also—Flutes and Clarionets of every pattern and number of keys, both silver and brass.

Every instrument is warranted, and can be returned if found imperfect.

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON,
may 14 201 Broadway, near St. Paul's.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME, 1836–7–8.

Augusta, Ga.	Match, Four mile heats, $5000 a side; *Hickory John* vs *Miss Medley*, Lafayette Course, Tuesday, 6th Dec.
Alexandria, La.	Match, Mile heats, $10,000 aside and $5,500 inside stake; *Linnet* vs. *Cuahorna*, Rapides Course, 15th Dec.
" "	Match, Three mile heats, $6,000 aside, $1,000 inside stake; *Scarlett* vs. *Dick Chin*, Rapides Course, 16th Dec.
Culpeper C. H. Va.	Jockey Club, Tuesday, 13th of Sept.
Charlestown, Va.	Jefferson Co. Jockey Club, Monday, 26th Sept.
Davison's Course,	Near Trenton, N. J. 1st Tuesday, 6th Sept.
Danville, Va.	Jockey Club, Tuesday, 11th Oct
Franklin, La.	Match, Four mile heats, $1,000 aside; *Star of the West* vs. *Mexican*, Attakapas Course, 1st day of Spring Meeting, 1837.
Jackson, Tenn.	District Central Club, Madison Co., First Meeting in Oct.
" "	Match, 1000 Yards, $1,000 aside, *Silk Stockings* vs. *Shawneytown*, 4th of July.
Louisville, Ky.	Match, Four mile heats, $5,000 aside, *Angora* of Tenn., vs. *Rodolph* of Ky., Wednesday, 21st Sept.
New-York City.	Jockey Club, First Fall Meeting, Union Course, 1st Tuesday, 4th Oct.
Natchez, Miss.	Match, Mile heats, $5,000 aside, *Red Maria* vs. *Chuckfahila*, Pharsalia Course, Dec.
" "	Match, Four mile heats, $2,000 aside, *Hard Heart* vs. *Antelope*, Pharsalia Course, Jan. 29, 1837.
" "	Match, Four mile heats, $6,000 aside: *Prince Talleyrand* vs. *Susan Yandell*, Pharsalia Course, Feb. 27th, 1837.
Nashville, Tenn.	Match, —— heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn., vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall of 1838.
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Jockey Club, Thursday, 29th Sept.
Trenton, N. J.	Eagle Course, 1st Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 20th Sept.
Tappahannock, Va.	Match, Three mile heats, $1,000 aside: *Robin Brown* vs. *Isaac Cline*, Mount Clement Course, Monday previous to Fall Meeting.
Three Rivers, L. C.	Regular Meeting, 28th July.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. York Spirit of the Times. For a great number of Racing, Trotting, Pedestrian, Aquatic Shooting, and other Matches and Challenges, at home and abroad, see previous numbers

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In answer to repeated enquiries, we assure our friends that the interesting and admired letters from "N" will be resumed immediately on the writer's locating himself in Arkansas.

Our regular correspondents at Baltimore, Washington, and the Old Dominion, may aswell send us a mint julep if they are determined to forego writing this hot weather; one or the other we must have—that's gospel. We shall think no less of W. E. B. if he sends us an article occasionally from Philadelphia, as he promised. As to I. H. H. of Baltimore, if he writes us not forthwith, we hereby covenant and agree to read no more of his poetry, until after huckleberry time.

A communication from Augusta, Ga., for which we paid *one dollar* postage is declined as unsuited to our columns. The story is laughable, but excessively gross.

Varieties.

Death of Cardinal Mazarin.—A day or two before his death, he made vain and melancholy battle against mortality and disease. He had himself shaved and dressed, his moustaches curled, his cheeks and lips coloured with vermillion; and white paint laid on with equal abundance. Thus made up, and placed in his sedan chair, he made the tour of the garden. Brienne met him, and could hardly trust his eyes; so prompt and complete was the metamorphosis, from the bed of death, where he had just left him, to second youth, like that of Æron.—This attempt to cheat nature hastened his end, not only from exertion and fatigue, but from the malice of the courtiers. "The open air improves you; I wonder your eminence does not come out more frequently," said the Count de Nogent, a court joker, who met him in this precious equipage. "Let us go in—I am ill," said Mazarin. "I can readily believe it," said the courtier—"your eminence looks very red in the face." This arch priest of knavery, after a life of successful ambition and sordid avarice, defeating his enemies and tricking his friends, cheating at play which he openly called *prendre mes avantages*—practising even gratuitous rogueries, as if it were his natural instinction to deceive—delighting to fool mankind, even where he gained nothing by it—could not help playing off one of his characteristic buffooneries even on the brink of the grave. Tubœuf, a courtier, came to pay him a small remnant of a gaming debt. Mazarin grasped the money, crawled to his jewel casket, in which he placed it, took out the jewels one by one, and repeated several times, "I give Madame Tubœuf"—"What," said the eager husband, holding out his hand—"I give Madame Tubœuf," said the dying knave, still gratified to play upon the weakness or meanness of mankind; "I give Madame Tubœuf a very good morning." It would scarcely be believed, were it not related by Brienne, an eye-witness, that there was a card-table in full activity at his bedside—one of the party holding his card for the dying Cardinal—up to the last moment, when he received the pope's "plenary indulgence," with the viaticum, as a prince of the church, from the pope's nuncio! British and Foreign Review.

His Royal Highness, Prince Charles Ferdinand, of the Two Sicilies was united, on Tuesday morning week, at St. George's Church, London, according to the rites of the Protestant Church, to Miss Penelope Smyth, now Princess Charles of the Two Sicilies and Capua. The ceremony was performed by the Very Reverend the Dean of Carlisle, the rector of the parish. The congregation of St. George's Church were asked, on Sunday, for the third time, whether any of them knew any just cause or impediment why a marriage should not be solemnized between Charles Ferdinand de Bourbon and Penelope Smyth? The inaudible response was, "No." But the banns, on the Sunday preceding, were, we are informed, actually forbid, by the Neapolitan Minister, Count Ludolf, attended by his secretary, who advanced to the pulpit, and said, "Yes." A communication, it is understood, took place in the vestry-room, between the count and the rector, at which the former said, it was the will of the King of Naples that the marriage should not take place; but the reverend gentleman refused to entertain the objection. A ludicrous circumstance occurred during the ceremony: the prince's valet, who had been entrusted with the ring, was accidentally shut out by the beadle, and a ring was therefore immediately borrowed on the spot from a bystander. The happy and princely couple were congratulated, after the celebration of the sacred rites, by a numerous party of friends who were present, and then returned to Mivart's Hotel, where they gave a handsome *déjeuner* on the occasion. The Marquis of Anglesey, Lords Dunsany and Dunboyne, Colonel Cadogan, Count d'Aceto, the Spanish Charge d'Affaires, and Viscount Combermere paid them congratulatory visits. This is the fourth celebration: the first at Rome, by Cardinal Weld; the second at Madrid, and the third at Gretna Green. Morning Chronicle.

Remarkable Escape.—The celebrated political writer, Thomas Paine, was member for Calais in the National Assembly, after the French Revolution. When Robespierre came into power, he was arrested and carried to prison, no reason of any consequence being assigned for the harsh treatment. The event is thus recorded in his own words—"One hundred and sixty-eight persons were taken out of the Luxemburg in one night, and one hundred and sixty of them executed the next day. Amongst this number my name was included; the manner I escaped the guillotine is curious, having all the appearance of accident. The room in which I was lodged was on the ground floor, and one of a large range of chambers under a gallery, with the door opening outwards flat against the wall; so that, when it was open, the inside of the door appeared outward, and the contrary when it was shut. When persons by scores and hundreds were to be taken out of prison for the guillotine, it was done in the night and those who performed that office had a private mark, by which they knew what room to visit, and what number to take. The door of my room was marded one morning, unobserved by me, when it was open and flat against the wall; being closed in the evening, the fatal line of chalk inside—and thus the destroying angel passed by. A few days after this, Robespierre fell, and Mr. Munroe arrived to reclaim me, and to invite me to his house."

Extract of Letter III to the People of the United States.

Printers' Wants.—It is very likely that persons ignorant of the poverty of Printers generally, must have vague opinions of us men of types and paper. Take up some ten or fifteen papers every morning, and peruse the various advertisements under the head of "wanted," then observe the peroration of each one is, "*Apply to the Printer*," "*Enquire of the Printer*," "*Call at this Office*," &c. One *wants a horse*, another a *cow*, another a *house*, and another a *barn*. This one wants a *carriage*, and that one a *farm*—one a *Man-servant* and another a *Maid-servant*. One, perchance if he has any think to eat, wants a *Cook*, and another, a *Chambermaid*. Printers, who are single men, often make the world wonder by advertising for a *dry* or a *wet nurse*. Some want *active* and others *sleeping partners*. In fine, there is no end to their "wants." They *all* want *cash*, and many of them want——"*information*."

"For an old song" is a saying frequently made use of, when any commodity is considered to have been sold very cheap. We think that a song will not be deemed such a trifling affair by our readers, when they are informed that Madame Malibran de Beriot receives 20 guineas for singing a single one at a concert, and 25 for attending private parties; besides a check for 370*l.* from the lessee of Drury-lane theatre every Monday morning, *prospectively*—that is for work to be done in three nights only during the week! It is calculated that Malibran receives about 600*l.* a week; what lots of resin for de Beriot's bow!

One day a number of apprentices sat at dinner, eating pudding and milk, and grumbling most audibly to their master, that they had nothing but "hasty pudding and milk day after day, milk and hasty pudding eternally," &c, a dentist rapped, and stepped in—"Got any teeth here, mister, that want fixing—perhaps some of your boys would like to have their grinders fixed"—"Fixed—grinders fixed," replied the eldest apprentice—"Why, mister, I would inform you that we want none of your fixing here. We have no use for teeth here—all we have to do is to gape—and swallow—gape and swallow!" Claremont (N. H.) Eagle.

New Paris Fashion.—The *elegantes* of Paris, not finding their summer dresses a sufficient guard against the present unseasonable weather, have adopted a very pretty novelty of costume, in the form of a deep full cape reaching below the elbow, like those worn with cloaks. They are made in blue, white, or pink satin, lined with white, and trimmed with swansdown, and are so convenient for the promenade or opera, that they are already universal.

A citizen belonging to a certain bustling seaport in our neighborhood, being in conversation with one or two friends, an advertisement which appeared in the previous day's journal, became the subject of remark, when one of those present turned round to our friend, and asked him if he had seen the advertisement—"Atweel did I," replied he gravely, "but I didna like to speak about it, after seeing *not to be repeated* at the end o't." Stirling Journal.

The Inverness Courier had an advertisement a fortnight ago, thus:—"Wanted an ass with milk, apply *personally*." It would be a little amusing to know what number of long-eared applicants offered themselves, and who acted as interpreter to them.

The Dieppe Journals state that a woman named Barrais, residing there, was last week delivered of twins, who were joined together by the cheek and nose, One of them died shortly after its birth, and the other, who was dissected from its companion, is living and likely to do well. The mother has since died.

A paragraph for Mechanics, &c.—The Green Bay Intelligencer says—"one hundred laborers and mechanics can find employment and high wages at Green Bay—say from one to three dollars per day."

Another for a Demisemiquarer!—"A good singing master would find good encouragement at Green Bay."

Sad News for the Hop-Growers.—An inhabitant of Chatelet, in the department of Du Nord, is said to have discovered that egg-shells may be used as a substitute for hops in brewing beer.

Danger of doing a Service to a Woman.—Let a woman once give you a task, and you are hers, heart and soul; all your care and trouble lend new charms to her for whose sake they are taken. The rescue, to revenge, to instruct or protect a woman, is all the same as love to her.

Deacons!—A former Roxbury deacon, at the time of election to that sacred office, expressed his thanks for the honor done him in the following words:—"I am obliged to you for what you have done; an' I spose I must take it, but I guess in the long run it will be a deuced sight more plague than profit."

Marriage Extraordinary.—In Georgia, by John McGhee, Esq., Mr. David Hodge, aged one hundred and two years and two months, to Miss Elizabeth Raily, aged forty years, both of Columbia county state of Georgia. Mr. Hodge was at Braddock's defeat, and served throughout the whole period of the revolutionary war.—*Washington News.*

A Quaker Woman's Sermon.—Dear Friends—There are three things I very much wonder at:—The first is, that children should be so foolish as to throw up stones, brickbats, and clubs into fruit trees to knock down fruit; if they would let it alone it would fall itself. The second is, that men should be so foolish and even so wicked as to go to war and kill one another; if they would let one another alone they would die of themselves. And the third and last thing which I wonder at is, that young men should be so unwise as to go after the young women; if they would only stay at home the young women would come after them.

A Cheap Chere Amie.—Some fellow with a liquorish tooth, but who, like Joe Hume, likes a cheap bit, put an advertisement in one of the daily papers the other day, stating that he was a widower, and wanted "a French or English woman, between 20 and 30, of prepossessing appearance, possessed of decision of character. Salary 50 or 60*l* per annum, according to qualification." Thus for one pound per week the widower expects he will get all that he requires. We suppose the "decision of character" is a *sine qua non*, in consequence of the damsel having to take the management of the gentleman's affairs. This is very proper. By the way, King Leopold will bid high for his supernumerary applicants.

Mr. Squeaker Sheil, in a rabid oration at the Coburg Gardens, Dublin, the other day, stated that he would play schoolmaster to a *raven*, and teach him to say in the ears of the Tories, "seven millions." Dick, the minor agitator, may think this a mighty fine crow; but it strikes us as being an indication of his being *raven* mad—and no mistake.

A TRAINER WANTED.

THE UNDERSIGNED wishes to employ *immediately*, a competent Trainer. For such an one the *most liberal wages* will be given, by the month or season, besides a per centum on the winnings. He will have in training five or six nags of the most fashionable blood.

July 9, 1836. PHILIP WALLIS, Baltimore, Md.

TROTTING.

A **SWEEPSTAKE** will take place at the Eagle Course, Trenton, N. J., on the last day of the Second Fall Meeting, three miles and repeat, under the saddle, free for all trotting horses, (Edwin Forrest excepted). Entrance $500, $200 forfeit; three or more to make a field. To close and name at the Eagle Hotel, on the second day of the First Fall Meeting, at 8 o'clock, P. M.—To be governed by the rules of Hunting Park Trotting Course.

July 9, 1836. O. BAILEY, *Secretary.*

TRENTON EAGLE COURSE.

SWEEPSTAKES TO BE RUN FIRST FALL MEETING 1836,—*20th September.*—
First Day.—For *all* colts 3 yrs. old—*two* mile heats—subscription $300 each—forfeit $100—four or more to make a Race, to name and close 1st Sept.

Second Day.—For three year old Colts—*that never won a race*—mile heats—subscription $300, each, forfeit $100, four or more to make a race, to close 1st September.

SECOND FALL MEETING.

First Day.—Sweepstake for all ages—two mile heats—subscription $500 each, forfeit $200, to which will be added by Proprietors $100 on each and every horse that *starts* in the race, four or more to make a race. Subscription to close on the 18th October, Horses to be named at the Post.

Second Day.—Poststake for three year olds—two miles out—subscription $200, forfeit $100, to close on Tuesday, (first day of the Races) at 2 1-2 o'clock, P. M., purse added by proprietors $100, four or more to make a race. O. BAILEY, *Sec'ry.*

Trenton, July 1, 1836.

WASHINGTON COURSE, D. C.

SWEEPSTAKES to be run over the Washington Course, D. C., Fall Meeting, 1836, to commence second Tuesday in October.

1. A Post Stake for 3 year old colts and fillies, 2 mile heats; sub. $1000, forfeit $500, to close the first of September; to name at the starting-post, four or more to make a race.—To this stake there are likely to be 8 or 10 subscribers.
2. Sweepstakes for three-year old colts and fillies, 2 mile heats; sub. $200, forfeit $50, to name and close the 20th of July next—now 4 subscribers.
3. Sweepstakes for three-year old colts and fillies, bred in Maryland or District of Columbia, 2 mile heats; sub. $100, forfeit $50—now 4 subscribers. july 2

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE FOLLOWING STOCK OF BLOOD HORSES are offered for sale in consequence of the death of the late owner:—

1. The grey mare *Farmer's Damsel*, together with her foal, a filly by the imported horse Barefoot. Farmer's Damsel is 14 years old, was got by the celebrated horse American Eclipse, out of Lady Hamlet; the latter was got by old Hamlet out of an old Messenger Mare. A further and complete pedigree can be given on application by any person that wishes to purchase.
2. The Bay Horse *Henry Archie*, 8 years old. This horse which is well known to the Sporting Public, was got by the celebrated horse Henry, out of No. 1.
3. The Iron Grey Horse *Alexander*, 6 years old, out of No. 1, by Imported Barefoot.
4. The Iron Grey Mare *Maria Lovell*, 4 years old, out of No. 1, by Sir Lovell.
5. The Sorrel Filley *Betsey Andrew*, 2 years old, out of No. 1, by Andrew.
6. The Bay Horse *Chief Consul*, 4 years old, out of Lady Hamlet, the dam of No. 1 by Sir Lovell.
7. The Sorrel Filly *Molly*, 3 years old, by Henry, out of Modesty.

Numbers 2, 3, and 7, can be seen at SAMUEL LAIRD'S, at Colt's Neck, Monmouth Co., N. J. For further particulars, terms, &c., apply to, or address

JESSE W. SEAMAN,
Corner of South and Beekman-sts., N. Y.

july 2

HARVEY BURDELL, M. D.

OFFICE, No. 67 Chambers-street, near Broadway. july 2

INSTITUTION FOR THE CURE OF STAMMERING.

NO. 40 Cortland Street. This Institution has been in operation in this city for the last eight months, during which a large number of persons from all parts of the country have attended it, and been effectually cured. It is no longer a matter of doubt, that any person, who has the organs of speech at all, may acquire the perfect use of them, by the application of this invaluable system. The time necessary to effect a cure being so short, and the terms so moderate, (from twenty-five to fifty dollars,) it is presumed that a cure is within the reach of all who require it. Persons wishing to attend the Institution, should apply soon, as it is the intention of the principal to close it early in the fall, for the purpose of going to the South.—Communications by letter, (post paid) will receive immediate attention. The following certificates are selected from a large number in the possession of the subscriber, and which may at any time be seen, some of them from persons of the first respectability in this city.

HENRY WELLS, Principal.

New-York, June 28, 1836.

This may certify, that the subscriber has been, for the last ten years, afflicted with an impediment in his speech. Having become a pupil of Mr. Wells in the city of New-York, and taken lessons for three weeks, he found relief, and can now read and speak with ease and fluency. His system is simple in its nature, and easy in its application, and I think will cure the most obstinate cases. W. F. CALDWELL.

Whitehall, N. Y., June 6, 1836.

Having been long afflicted with stammering to such a degree as to disqualify me for business, and to render it extremely difficult to make myself understood, I saw in the New-York Observer a notice of some astonishing cures in Mr. Wells' Institution, in New-York; by which I was induced to place myself under his instruction. Having spent three weeks with him in applying his system, (which is very simple,) I have now the pleasure of saying, that I can read and speak fluently and with perfect ease. CYRUS W. PRATT.

Lexington, Greene Co., June 8, 1836.

This may certify, that I have been afflicted with stammering for the last twenty years to such a degree, as to render it impossible for me to do business or take any part in conversation. About ten years since, I attended the Institution of Doctor Chapman, in the city of New-York for about six months; but without experiencing any permanent benefit. Hearing of Mr. Wells' Institution, I was induced to make one more effort to acquire the use of my speech. Having attended about six weeks, at three intervals, I am now able to read with perfect ease, and find no situation in which by the application of his rules, my organs of speech are not as much subject to my will as my hands or my feet. Indeed, I think no person need despair of immediate and lasting benefit, if they will acquire and apply this system. During the time I have been in his school, some thirty or forty pupils have attended; and none of them, so far as I know, without being cured. A wish to benefit those afflicted with this distressing malady, has induced me to make this statement.

ANDREW S. PERRY.

Reading, Ct., June 22, 1836. july 2 tf

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

NEW HAVEN AND HARTFORD STEAMBOAT LINE, DAILY.—One of the New-Haven Steamboats, until further notice, will leave pier No. 23, foot of Beekman-street, for New-Haven, daily, Sundays excepted, at 7 o'clock, A. M., and at 4 o'clock, P. M., on Saturdays, and one of said boats will leave New-Haven on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, at 12 o'clock, M., and on Saturdays at 6 o'clock, A. M., and at 2 o'clock, P. M.—By this arrangement there will be two boats from each place on Saturdays, viz.: one in the morning and one in the afternoon.

Excellent Post Coaches are always in readiness on arrival of the boats at New-Haven, to convey passengers to Hartford, Providence and Boston. Also, to Lichfield, via Waterbury daily, and via Woodbury on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. For further information respecting freight and passage, inquire of JOHN SAXTON, 114 South-street. feb 20

Sweepstakes open for 3 ys. old Colts & Fillies, over the Union Cou

SECOND MEETING, Fall, 1836.—Two mile heats; entrance $300; forfeit $100. Thre or more to make a race: closes 1st of August.

1. B. Seaman names "Dusty Foot," by Barefoot, out of Agnes.

Second Fall Meeting, 1836. Two mile heats, for colts and fillies that never won a race.—The second in the race to receive back stake if five start; entrance $300; forfeit $100. Four or more to make a race. Closes 1st of September.

1. Robt. L. Stevens produce of Lalla Rookh and Henry.
2. Robt. Tillotson.
3. I. S. Snedecor.

Fall, 1837. Two mile heats; entrance $300; forfeit $100. Closes 1st of July, 1836.

1.	A. P. Hamlin,	produce of Ostrich and Andrew.
2.	Robt. L. Stevens	" Lalla Rookh and Henry.
3.	J. Bathgate	" Heary Mare and Autocrat.
4.	John C. Stevens	" Janette and Henry.
5.	Also,	" Romp and Henry.
6.	Robt. Tillotson	" Medoc's dam and Henry.
7.	R. F. Stockton	" Powancey and Charles.
8.	G. T. Wilson	" Miss Fisher and Andrew.
9.	A. L. Botts	" Phillis and Eclipse.

Spring, 1839. Mile heats, for colts and fillies dropt 1836. Entrance $1000; forfeit, $250.—Second in race to receive back stake: four or more to make a race. Closes 1st of Jan. 1837.

N. B. A stake open for 1st meeting, Fall, 1836. Two mile heats; entrance $1000; half forfeit: to close 1st September; four or more to make a race.

New-York, June, 1836. ALEX. L. BOTTS, *Secretary.*

CULPEPER COURT HOUSE, VA.

SWEEPSTAKES OPEN FOR THE FALL MEETING OF 1836.

1. For three year old colts and fillies, two miles and repeat. Entrance $100; half forfeit—unrestricted. Entries to close on the 15th July; four or more to make a race.

2. For three year old colts and fillies, one mile and repeat. Entrance $100; half forfeit—to be confined to colts and fillies raised in Culpeper and adjoining Counties, and Counties next to adjoining Counties, embracing likewise the colts of the Counties west of the Blue Ridge that adjoin any County embraced in the general limits—but to be confined to colts that never ran a race; four or more entries to make a race. Subscription to close on the 15th July. Four entries already.

3. Stake; mile and repeat, for three and four year old colts that never won a race, raised and owned in Culpeper County. Entrance 100 bushels of oats; half forfeit. Oats to be delivered at *Culpeper Court House*, or at the Race Track, before the race.

4. Stake; for three year old Truffle colts, one mile and repeat. Entrance $50; thirty dollars forfeit; four or more to make a race. Entries to close on the 15th July, 1836.

Persons wishing to make entries in any of these stakes, will address—Dr. Philip C. Houghton, *Culpeper Court House, Va.* Besides these stakes, there will be a Proprietor's Purse and two handsome Jockey Club Purses to be run for, making in all, it is supposed, at least $1000 *cash up*; and a very interesting match race. These races will commence on the thirteenth of September, and continue three or four days only, so as to give time for the horses to visit the Course at *Charlestown*, Jefferson County, where there will be many attractions. The races there will commence on the 26th September.

There is a stake open for next spring, free for any three year old colt at that time, one mile and repeat. Entrance $100; half forfeit; four or more to make a race. Already three have entered. Entries to close on the 15th July. june 25

PEDESTRIAN HOTEL.

THE SUBSCRIBER, having purchased a large and commodious House in Killingworth, is now ready to receive company. Those wishing to visit the sea shore, may rest assured that this establishment, in all those matters which essentially concern the health, comfort and amusement of visiters, is not excelled by any other on the sea board.

Sea food, sea air, and bathing, can be obtained in as great variety as at any other place.

A good Pleasure Boat will be at all times in readiness for those who wish to divert themselves by sailing. There is also, within 100 rods of the house, prime fishing ground, where black fish are taken in great abundance.

The Steamboat *Maria* will stop at Killingworth, daily in her trips to and from New Haven and Norwich.

Excellent horses and carriages constantly in readiness for the comfort and accommodation of travellers and visiters.

The subscriber will spare no pains to render the stay of visiters pleasant and agreeable, by providing every thing that may contribute to their health, comfort and happiness.

HENRY STANNARD.

Killinworth, Con. June, 1836. june 25

TRAINER WANTED.

WANTED, a man who perfectly understands the management of thorough bred horses, to take charge of a three year old colt, within a short distance of this city. The very best references will be required. Apply at 36, City Hall Place june 25 3t

DAVISON'S COURSE, NEAR TRENTON.

THE FOLLOWING STAKES are now open, to be run over this Course on the 1st Tuesday in September. **First Day**—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. old colts and fillies which have never before started; mile heats; $25 entrance, half forfeit, and $50 added by the proprietor, and to name and close by the 1st of August; four or more to make a race: and, **Second Day**—A Stake, mile heats, for colts and fillies, 3 years old; $50 entrance, half forfeit, and $50 added by the Proprietor; four or more to make a race, and to name and close by the first of August. There will also be several Purses given at the same time as the above.

june 25 JAMES DAVISON, *Secretary.*

TO THE SPORTING AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM F. GRIFFIN & CO. would respectfully inform their Friends and the Public, and Gentlemen from the South and West, that they have taken the Store formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas Richards & Morrell, No. 240 Pearl St. corner of Burling Slip, where they would respectfully invite the attention of gentlemen purchasing Clocks and Watches as they have received and are continually receiving Invoices of First rate watches consisting of London Duplex, Lever, Lepine, and Verge Watches. Some of their Watches having Independent Second Hands with the stop Work arranged out side of the case are allowed by the best Judges to be the most correct article ever introduced for *marking time.* Gentlemen desirous of purchasing any of the above articles are requested to give us a call as our prices will be found most satisfactory. These Watches being chiefly of our own importation we are enabled to sell them as low as any other establishment in the city. Gentlemen are requested to call and inspect the New Assortment, which for Quality and Price are equal, if not superior to any in the City.

New York, April 7th, 1836.

THE IMPORTED HORSE SIR RICHARD,

WILL STAND THIS SPRING, at O. Bailey's stable, at the Eagle Hotel, Trenton, N. J. at $50 the season; $75 to insure. O. BAILEY.

Trenton, March 20, 1836. mar 26.

BELMONT HOUSE. NEW-BRIGHTON.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that the Hotel at New Brighton, Staten Island, is now open for the reception of company. Every effort has been made in arranging the Establishment, to render it a place of rural and agreeable resort. A large Bathing Establishment will be ready by the first of July; and the walks and rides in the neighbourhood are proverbially beautiful. The Steamboat arrangements give it advantages over many other Establishments in the vicinity of New-York. Gentleman desirous of being in the City, can arrive at their places of business as early as they would from the uppermost part of the City. The hours of meals will be made so as to suit the wishes of all. Dinner will not be announced until the Boat which leaves New-York at 3 o'clock, has arrived.

The house will be under the charge of Mr. James Meara, who is favourably known to the friends and visitors of the American Hotel in New York. The Wines and Liquors have been selected from the cellars of the Hotel, and will be found of the choicest quality.

EDWARD MILFORD, *Proprietor American Hotel, New-York.*

New York, June 4th, 1836.

☞ The Steamboats Water-Witch and Cinderella leave pier No 1, North River, at 7, 9, 12 3 5 and 7, for New-Brighton. J. 11—4w.

TO SPORTSMEN.

ROBT. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street, New-York, manufactures and repairs all descriptions of Guns, Pistols, and all the variety of sporting apparatus, in the best possible manner.

R. A. R. has always on hand a great variety of Guns, Pistols, Cleaning Apparatus, Wad-cutters, Bullet-moulds, Nipple-wrenches, Powder-flasks and Horns, Shot-bags and Pouches, Lock-vices, Game-bags, &c. &c., all of which he warrants of the best quality and at moderate prices. Buys and exchanges new and second-hand Guns, Pistols, and all articles connected with his business.

R. A. REED takes the present opportunity of returning his thanks to the public for the patronage so liberally bestowed upon him since his commencement in business, and assures them that no exertion shall be wanting to retain its present and deserve its future favors.

R. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street.

N. B. A large assortment of *Ducking Guns*, suitable for the present season. feb 20

NEW YORK, ALBANY & TROY STEAMBOAT LINE.

The ERIE,	Capt. J. Benson,	The CHAMPLAIN,	Capt. A. Gorham,
" ALBANY,	" J. G. Jenkins,	" NORTH AMERICA,	" G. Lathrop,
" OHIO,	" M. Bartholomew,	" DE WITT CLINTON,	S. R. Roe,
The ROBERT L. STEVENS,	J. P. Dean.		

One of the above named Boats will leave New York for Albany from the foot of Barclay street every morning at 7 o'clock, and from the foot of Courtland street every afternoon at 5 o'clock.

The morning and evening lines will receive passengers at the Old States Prison wharf.

All goods, freight, baggage, bank bills specie, or any other property taken, shipped or put on board the boats of this line, must be at the risk of the owners of such goods, freight, baggage &c.

THOROUGH BRED COLT.

FOR SALE—a sorrel colt, three years old, on the tenth day of the present month—got by Talma out of Dove. *Talma* is full brother to Alice Grey, and was got by Henry out of Sportsmistress—she, by Hickory out of Miller's Damsel, the dam of Eclipse. *Dove* is by Duroc, out of Romp, (full sister to Miller's Damsel) who was by imported Messenger, out of the imported Pot8o's mare, bred by Lord Grosvenor. On the surpassing excellence of the pedigree, nothing need be said to persons who are conversant with turf history. The colt has been carefully reared, and is clear of every imperfection. Persons disposed to purchase willl judge for themselves, how far his form and action, are in harmony with his descent. It may be added that he is from the stud which has produced Robin Hood, Post Boy, Tarquin, Ecarte, and Nelson, all winners, of whom one has made the best time in a two mile run, which our annals furnish, viz. 3m. 44s. and another is now fairly at the head of the American Turf. Three of these five, trace back through Miller's Damsel, to the Pot8o's mare, and the other two, are from a Hickory mare; one by Eclipse, and the other by Henry. Apply after Saturday immediately preceding the first spring Meeting Union Course, at the stables of Mr. J. R. Snediker, where the colt many then be examined. April 23 1836.

PERRY'S COFFEE HOUSE, *BUFFALO*, New-York.
feb 20 J. H. PERRY.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD'

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

The New Series of the Spirit of the Times, for Town and Country, commenced its publication on the 20th February, 1836, (the Old Series comprised five volumes and a supplement of four numbers), and will be published every Saturday morning, on fine imperial paper, and with beautiful type. Great care is taken to forward it, strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

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Publication office, 157 Broadway, where all communications, post-paid, may be addressed

SACKETT & BRANCH,
PRINTERS.